

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

Private John Henry Cammack



A SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY
1861-1865



*George Washington Flowers
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To Col Percy Hacos
Old Soldier

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JOHN HENRY CAMMACK—1843-1920

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A Soldier of the Confederacy
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Written at the urgent request of his family and friends,
during the last years of his life, and published that
the story may be read by those who knew and
honored him.

To which is added press notices and other papers con-
taining final tribute to his memory.

*So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves,
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave.
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.*

—Bryant.

INTRODUCTORY

The task of gathering up the scattered threads of John Henry Cammack's war experiences has been as arduous as it was pleasant.

All through the years of his middle life, when friends would be present, particularly old comrades, stories of the war were one of the great means of entertainment. To his family certain of these stories grew very dear. They were told and retold. His large fund of innate humor threw around the whole of the bitter war story a sort of glamour which took away the harshness of the actual incidents and at times made the whole thrilling experience seem to the children who heard the stories to be only a matter of holiday sport.

It was this fine sense of humor that stayed with him to his last day; which smoothed over the rough places, and lent radiance to the war stories that were told in the family circle.

Ten years ago members of the family and friends began urging him to write out his personal story of the war. He demurred because he thought it would seem egotistic, then he claimed that he was a poor writer, that the events had happened so long ago that he could not recall them and that nobody would be interested in the affair anyway. But, after repeated urging, he began making his notations.

These were written under widely varied circumstances and it is a great wonder that there is any coherence to the narrative. Some notes were prepared

on the front porch at home, some on trains, some at hotels in Florida, others on long trips, others at the office. Despite this wide variety the story as told is regular, consistent, coherent, chronological and lacks very little in giving exact dates and names, although most of the writing was done nearly a half century after the events transpired.

It had been the firm intent of members of the family to get hold of these notes and publish them in pamphlet form while the writer was still living, but the long severe illness which culminated in his death May 6th, rendered this impossible.

It is a plain and simple and straight-forward story of the Civil war from the standpoint of a private soldier. It has an intense personal interest from this very fact. The majority of histories are written from the viewpoint of the General, while this is the story of the fighting man from beginning to end, inspired only by loyalty to his State and a firm conviction that he was fighting for principle.

No apology is given for the publication, because it is intended as a simple monument that will endure as long as a shaft of granite. It will circulate, naturally, only among the members of the family and those comrades and friends who loved the man who wrote.

—His Sons.

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR

Though a mere boy I was an active participant in the stirring scenes of 1861 to 1865.

Naturally in the years before the war and as my family grew up the tales of the war were told and retold. Friends and comrades would sit around the fire side and we would fight again the battles of the Civil War and the most of the instances became a part of our family history. I was repeatedly urged to make notations of my experiences during the war so that my children and grand children might have them in a more permanent form than mere memory.

I am not a writer and never had many advantages of the schools, but, after repeated solicitation, and having retired somewhat from active business, I have decided to set down in order, purely from memory, my part in the Civil War.

I have read many histories of the war. They cover a wide scope and go deeply into the philosophy of human events, but have been written mostly from the standpoint of the General who directed or of the historian who collected facts and arranged them for public use.

As to the cause of the war, I have little to say. I was a Virginian as were my people, and when my state went to war, I saw no other course open but to follow the fortunes of the old Dominion. After fifty years

and a full survey of the events that have transpired I am led to believe that if the alternative were presented again, I should perhaps take the same course.

Ancestors

My father John C. Cammack was born December 23, 1814, in Spottsylvania County, Virginia. His father William Cammack was a Scotchman but was born in America of Scottish parentage. His mother Catherine Cammack, was of English decent, a Miss Overton. Her father had kept what was known as the "Yellow Tavern" near Richmond, Virginia. It was at this point that General J. E. B. Stuart was killed in the latter part of the Civil War.

My mother Margaret A. Cammack was the daughter of Robert Gibbs, she was born at Winchester, Virginia, December 17, 1820. Her father was from Donegal, Ireland.

My Grandfather Gibbs was educated at the University of Edinburg but when 22 years of age, came to this country and went into business in Philadelphia, soon after marrying my grandmother.

I was born on a farm near the town of Dayton in Rockingham County, Virginia, December 22, 1843. There were eight sons and two daughters in the family, two of the boys died in infancy. At the time these memoirs were begun, the rest of the children were living except my brother Lucius, who was mortally wounded August 9, 1862, in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Since that time my brother Algernon, who was for many years a great sufferer, has died.

We Were Farmers

My father was a farmer, then a stage driver and later an agent of a large Stage Line purchasing supplies for the company. In 1859 it seems that he had bought supplies for the company and they were charged to him. The company failed and he had to pay as far as he was able. In the late fall of that year, we set out from Amherst County, Virginia, and moved to Harrison County, and went to farming again.

Rumblings of War

About the middle of the year 1860, the rumblings of the CIVIL WAR began to be heard. Almost all the country people were readers of the newspapers and they were right plentifully scattered among the people all over the County. In the stores, post offices, blacksmith shops, shoe shops and wherever men and boys would congregate to hear the news and discuss questions at issue they were found. In the community, where I lived Union and Non-Union sentiment was nearly equally divided. At every school house there were debating societies formed, these societies taking up nearly all the live issues of the day. Sometimes these meetings and discussions made angry blood and often it was that boys and sometimes men, were engaged in disputes and even fights.

Excitement ran very high all over our part of the state in the fall of 1860, when there were three tickets in the field for President—the Republicans with Mr. Lincoln for President. In Virginia only a few people

could by any stretch of the imagination be expected to vote for Mr. Lincoln.

I remember after the election, when it was said, that two men down about Lumberport, voted for Lincoln. There was a great surprise expressed that any man on the soil of Virginia would dare vote the Black Republican Ticket.

A Personal Encounter

On the day of the election I went down to the village about sunset, a little curious to see the crowd and hear the noises. I was there but a short time, had purchased a half gallon, open can of tar. Soon after leaving the village I was overtaken by about twelve young men of the neighborhood above me and I thought they all appeared to be under the influence of drink. They were headed by a young man by the name of Ratcliffe, who was riding a very fine mare. He rode up along side me and almost at once proposed to trade horses. I was riding a very good horse, but a farm horse and not near so valuable as his. I told him I did not wish to trade but, he insisted on me making a statement, finally I told him I would trade even. This angered him greatly and he swore if I did not go back—if I continued on that road a quarter of a mile he would kill me. He then went on and joined his companions.

I confess that I was afraid of coming to harm if I followed that road home, but I knew of no other way home, so I risked it. A short distance from there I found them in line across the road. I rode over a low bank and got in a pig path down by the fence and

attempted to pass their line, which was formed entirely across the roadway. Seeing what I was trying to do, Ratcliffe spurred his mare down the bank and caught my horse's bridle, swearing that he would kill me now. I thought he was arranging to use a knife on me and I drew back the can of tar, all the weapon I had, and was about to strike him in the face with it, when to my surprise one of the young men spurred out of the crowd and rushing down, broke Ratcliffe loose from my bridle and took me by the arm, rode with me out into the road in front of the crowd. "Now" said he, "I have witnessed your actions towards this young man, we can whip all of you together" I have always felt very grateful to that young man for rescuing me. I have also, always been glad the crowd did not insist on seeing if we two could whip them all. I was doubtful about it then and have been so since, although I've been told, my friend was a champion fighter.

The more I thought about it, the more angry I felt at Ratcliffe and so I persuaded father, about a week after that, to let me go up to Ratcliffe's tannery to buy some leather. After buying the leather and seeing that the fellow did not recognize me, I invited him to walk down the road with me. He seemed surprised, but came with me. When we had gotten out of sight of the house I hitched my horse and told him I intended to give him a big thrashing. Then I told him why. If I had been looking for an apology and writing it up for him, I couldn't have made it any more lowly than he did.

The fact is he had been drunk on election day.

Inflammatory Speeches

Excitement ran riot, not only in our own community, but throughout all Virginia and in the South.

The public men of both sections were heard and their speeches read with eagerness. There were giants in Congress at that time and everyone of them had his quiver full of speeches, many of them so full of angry and reckless charges and wild and unbrotherly threats that the people generally were much more excited and angry after 1861 came in than they had been before.

There were a great many men on both sides of Mason and Dixons line not then in Congress, who were gifted with the power to move the people with fiery speech and a large number of them, instead of trying to allay the excitement of the crowds that gathered to hear them, seemed determined to increase their lack of self control.

One of our neighbors was a man by the name of Abraham Smith. He was at that time seventy years old, a strong Southerner from the valley of Virginia, a man of ungovernable temper, and it is needless to say a strong partisan. This man had two sets of children, six boys and a girl composed the last set. The girl was regarded as a great beauty and had graduated in one of the best colleges in Virginia. She married Dr. Mat Blair, who was afterwards Surgeon of the 20th Virginia Cavalry. Their marriage was not a happy one, owing largely to the fact that Blair was a very dissipated man. Kate, his wife, died soon after the war.

I have mentioned Mr. Smith here because it was largely through him that I had access to the papers of

that time, and the discussion had at his house almost daily filled me with interest and enthusiasm.

I was sixteen years old in December of that year, two of the Smith boys, John and Dan, were older than I. Ed was about my age, Dan and I were almost inseparable.

John S. Carlisle, a member of Congress, who lived in Clarksburg, was a really strong man, a fine speaker and a politician. He was known to be a staunch Union man. He was elected to the Virginia convention, sometimes called the "Secession Convention". The North Western part of the State sent a large majority of men to that Convention who were largely in favor of remaining in the Union. I say largely in favor of remaining in the Union, I mean by that, that at this time scarcely two men out of a dozen were in favor of leaving the Union.

There were some notable cases of vain talk. A certain magistrate, who was a rich farmer and a fine looking fellow seemed very anxious for a fight. He wanted War! War! Red War! Afterwards when a very fine opportunity came for him to occupy himself as a soldier, he refused and went away over into the mountains and never fired a shot during the war.

Oil Excitement

About January 1st, 1861 there was great excitement about oil being found at Burning Springs, in Wirt County. My brother Lucius S. Cammack soon went to that place and entered into a Company made up of men from our neighborhood, to bore for oil. My

brother was employed as "Augerman". I might remark here that this well when oil was actually found, in the middle of this same year, was next to the largest well ever struck at that place, yielding many hundreds of barrels per day, but Alas and Alack! only a few of the original owners ever received a penny for the output of oil. It happened that nearly all the owners came back and went to the Southern Army, as my brother did, and a very unscrupulous fellow, by bulldosing and deceiving most of the people who owned the stock bought the stock and run the well for himself, out of which he was said to have made a great many thousands of dollars. My father, during most of the war, kept up the assessments which he made with great regularity, although the well was said to be yielding a vast amount of oil. In the last part of 1864 the owner demanded of my father to pay him an assessment of \$525.00 under pain of the property being confiscated. Not being able to pay the money, he finally agreed with the man to sell the interest my brother had owned for \$125.00, the amount, I believe, being paid in the shape of a horse. This man during the war that was coming on then, got a great reputation for himself for loyalty, he being Captain of the Home Guards of that part of the country.

The excitement over the situation in the different states in the South and in the North as well, was of the sort that has never been equalled in this country. In the border states especially, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, much bitterness prevailed. Very often it was that father and sons of the same family differed in political opinions to the extent sometimes of making

bitter enemies of those who were a little while ago of one family and one blood.

The "Dred Scott Decision" "States Rights" "Secession" filled the newspapers every day and every week. Argument and discussion of these and kindred questions took up nearly all the time of the people, and this condition of things was common to every neighborhood and to all classes of citizens.

These discussions were not always in a friendly spirit. I remember that two men in the village near where I lived, were having an argument as to slavery. Mr. Monroe favored slavery and the other did not, in the heat of argument the other called Monroe a liar. They were both large men, but Monroe seemed the strongest and was very angry, he rushed up to his antagonist and grasped him by the chin whiskers and the nose, opened the man's mouth and spit down his throat.

Not far from May 1st, Governor Letcher, sent Col. Porterfield to occupy Grafton. This being the end of a railroad division and having a large number of men in the shops as well, Porterfield found himself unable to hold his position owing to the great number against him.

Meeting to Decide

It happened that about this time we held a meeting of Southern people at Romine's Mill to decide whether we would volunteer and offer our services to the government.

Although the Virginia Convention had passed the ordinance of secession it had not as yet been voted on by all the people.

A beautiful day dawned on us as we gathered on the green at the school house at Romines Mills. John Hoffman, a lawyer, and afterwards a Brigadier General in our army, was there and made us a speech. He read several extracts from Horace Greeley's paper, which was not calculated to mollify us very much. We also had two or three drums and fifes. Several enthusiastic war speeches were made, interspersed with the inspiring drum. During one of these musical moments a young lady came riding by on a very spirited horse. The animal seemed not used to such music and pranced and plunged very much and had not the young lady been an excellent rider, she would certainly have been thrown from the horse. Finally she dismounted, about the time the musicians became aware of the mischief they were doing. This young lady was Miss M. J. Fox. I did not know her at that time, but I met her once in 1863 while on a scout in West Virginia and we were married in October, 1866.

I must put down one thing that Col. Hoffman said that day: "Gentlemen, I am a volunteer. I am going with you. The trouble with me is that I am afraid I can't fight. I'm afraid I will run. I hope you will help me along and overlook my faults". As a matter of fact if John Hoffman was not the bravest, he was about the bravest man I ever saw.

My brother L. S. Cammack and I volunteered that day in the service of Virginia. We expected to be or-

ganized in a company with Maj. Armsby, as our Captain. Maj. Armsby was a neighbor, right popular in the neighborhood, and knew something of military affairs.

When we went home that evening and reported that we had volunteered, father and mother were greatly worried, especially about my going, only sixteen years and four months old. Well, they thought it over and finally mother said she would rather we went both together than one alone, so finally to my great joy it was understood that when the company marched away, I would be with them.

Three days later on the 18th of May, a horseman came rushing up the pike from Clarksburg and reported that an order had come from Col. Porterfield at Grafton for all the reinforcements that could be had—that the enemy were about to destroy his small force.

Another messenger had been sent to West Milford, where we had some men. There was not time to organize another company and we went down to Clarksburg that evening with 18 men and boys and met the Milford Contingent and went into the Clarksburg Company under the command of Capt. U. M. Turner, W. P. Cooper, First Lieut., Noval Lewis Second Lieut. Maj. Armsby, was afterwards made a Lieut. in our Company at Philippi.

Enlisted at Clarksburg

We were quartered and there during the night. I was at the home of Judge Lee. There were two com-

panies of Union men and one company of Confederates in Clarksburg.

The next morning the Clarksburg men under Capt. Turner paraded in front of the principal hotel preparatory to marching to Grafton.

One of the most remarkable things that I have ever known of occurred there. The Union Companies came around, most of them willing to talk and such expressions as these could be heard: "Well Tom, you're going South I see. Well, goodbye, I guess the next time I see you will be in battle." "So long, you'll catch the devil when we do get to fighting, alright, all right." Neither side kept their guns the night before. By agreement the arms were locked up in the county jail.

Many of the men shook hands with their foes and sometimes there were kindly expressions of good bye.

Fifty years is a long period of time, looking back across the intervening years. I think there are only a few of the people that I knew then that are alive now, of the few that are, I know the whereabouts of only one here and there. Of the nearly one hundred, who left Clarksburg with us that morning in the long ago, there is but about a dozen of them on the earth today. Some were killed in battle, some died of wounds, some of sickness incident to camp life and of those who escaped the war, some have fallen all along the wayside and few yet remain. The Lord has been very gracious to me. I am in reasonably good health and have been successful enough in business to gather about me most of the comforts and necessities of life.

The Company marched down the street to the home of the Hon. Beverly Lurty, who came to his veranda

and made a very encouraging speech, bidding us God Speed.

We then went on to Bridgeport and there listened to a fine speech of Mr. Johnston a venerable ex-governor of Virginia. Several miles below Bridgeport, one of our scouts came back and reported the enemy close in front. There was great excitement. Some of the men did not even have guns. One of the men from Milford got a small fence stake, saying that this was good enough to fight with. It is hardly necessary to say that there was no enemy at this time, but that some body got scared and imagined he saw one.

Early Losses

It was at this point that we lost two of our most war-like members in the persons of two big politicians who were well mounted and had been aching for a fight all day. When they thought the fight was imminent they suddenly remembered that they had important engagements back in Clarksburg, and they spurred their horses in that direction. I never saw either of them again until after the war.

We halted late that evening at Fetterman, where we remained several days and were reinforced by Capt. Thompson's company, known as the Marion Guards.

I do not remember the date of the state election on the matter of secession, but it occurred near this time. Secession carried from one extreme of the state to the other and preparations for war went on.

A Warm Reception

One afternoon Col. Porterfield marshalled his little army and moved into Grafton. We had about 250 in line. As we were moving into the west end of town we heard a tremendous noise of shouting which we thought was joy at our coming. It was not. Nearly the whole population was out on the streets, but they were not cheering. They were shouting and cursing and abusing us dreadfully. There were about 30 men on horseback, who followed immediately behind the infantry as we entered the town. My father rode at the head of this company of horsemen. When a short way in the town, some men ran immediately in front of the horsemen, carrying a very long United States Flag. They stretched it entirely across the street. The flag was held so that it was nearly five feet high. My father spurred his horse forward and jumped the flag. One hind foot of the horse caught as he jumped and one of the men let go of the flag. At the same moment a man on the top of the house threw a chair at my father, but missed him and struck the son of the ex-Governor on the head. It hurt him very badly, but not a shot was fired and no other harm done at that time.

First Man Killed

We were held for about an hour on the platform of the old railroad hotel and it seemed to me we had an officer for about every six men and all of them begging the men not to shoot. Practically the whole town was out in the street above us cursing and calling us

ugly names. I think that was about the longest hour I ever spent.

Late in the evening we marched back to Fetterman. About nine o'clock that night our sentry was approached by two men Wilson and Brown, coming along the railroad track. When within about sixty feet the sentry, Knight, ordered them to halt. For an answer one of the men fired a pistol, the bullet hitting Knight in the cheek. He immediately raised his rifle and fired, striking Wilson in the breast, from which wound he died in less than an hour. There was a great deal of commotion, especially, when it was known that the man who was killed was intoxicated and had sworn when he left Grafton, that he would have some Rebel blood that night or go to hell. I guess he went.

A large number of Grafton men organized and came down on the opposite side of the river about two o'clock, intending to cross the bridge there and attack the garrison. I was one of the men on guard duty at the bridge. They came close, but they reflected and did not attack.

Things Begin to Happen

History began to make very rapidly after this. In two days we went to Grafton and occupied it. We had now nearly five hundred men. Someone arranged to reduce our number, by poisoning our bread at the bakery, but fortunately it was found out in time to save ourselves.

About this time Gen. McClellan came down the railroad from Parkersburg with about 3,500 men. We

felt impelled to go away from Grafton, so we fell back on Philippi which was eighteen miles away. As we crossed the bridge, leaving Grafton in a hurry it must be confessed, the citizens came out and greeted us with such cheering messages as these. "Hello, fellows, why do you go off in such a hurry?" "Stay a while longer." "General McClellan won't do a thing but capture you and put you in jail." We arrived at Philippi late in the evening. Here our company was quartered in the courthouse. We were re-inforced by three or four hundred men. I was mustered into the service at Philippi and learned afterwards that my age was put down as 21. The officer putting it that way instead of 17, my real age, thinking that I would not get in if my real age were known.

A Brave Talker

While at Philippi, Capt. Stofer, a lawyer from up in Pocahontas, favored us with his presence. He was a broad, heavy-set man and quite fond of making speeches. He had a peculiar voice and a supreme confidence in whipping any force that could be brought against us. One evening being called upon for a speech, he mounted a store box and among other things declared: "Gentlemen, I could take a peach tree switch and whip all of Lincoln's 75,000 Yankees if they invade Virginia." I might say here that the Capt. was not cut out for a military man. He was a little later captured and then released, and then went back to the quiet of his home, and left his soldiering to the rest of us.

McClellan Attacks Us

Gen McClellan sent up a strong force, about 3,000 men, the first of June, dividing it into three columns. One was to attack us in front, one crossed the river some distance below to attack us in the flank, and the other to cross the river above us and form in the road and in the timber in our rear. It seems to me that if Col. Porterfield had set out to help McClellan he could not have done it any more successfully than he did.

Early Sunday morning we were ordered to move. We were all ready before sunrise. Then he countermanded the order and we were told to drop out of ranks and await orders. This we did, having scarcely anything to eat all day. That night he ordered all the pickets in at nine o'clock. There was a very heavy rainfall that night, but the enemy, in spite of this, marched from Grafton and at day light opened his artillery within 300 yards of our camp. Of course there was nothing left for us to do but to get out of town quickly. We would all have been captured that day were it not for the fact that the flanking columns missed their way and the attack on our flank and rear was not made.

Some few years ago, some over enthusiastic citizens of Philippi decided that they would stage a big celebration of this first battle at Philippi and they sent me a beautifully engraved invitation to be present. I like a celebration as well as anybody, but as I reviewed the events which transpired when I met, or almost met, Gen. McClellan at Philippi and when I went away from Philippi in something of a hurry, leaving a nicely cooked

breakfast for some Yankee to eat, I was unable to think of any reason why I should go back to Philippi and celebrate, so I did not go.

We fell back to Beverly, thirty miles. I do not remember seeing Col. Porterfield after that day. I heard that he was court martialled and dismissed from the service.

A Lawyer Leaves Us

When the company got into line the morning of the attack at Philippi, George Lurty, a lawyer, was with us, being placed on the left of the company, where the short men were usually placed. George heard the order for Company C to cover the retreat. He had other plans. He took a sneak immediately in the direction of Beverly. Instead of covering the retreat, he broke for the rear, first throwing his gun over the fence. A passing Cavalryman gave him a lift after persistent requests to do so, but the saddle turned and they both fell off. Lurty was in so much of a hurry that he did not want to be bothered with a horse and he ran on. The cavalryman yelled for him to stop while he fastened the saddle on, but George would not stop. He climbed into a wagon driven by a countryman and told him for heaven's sake to whip up, that there were 17,000 Yankees right behind him. George reached Beverly six hours before the rest of us did and we really did not linger on the road any longer than was necessary.

Incidents at Beverly

At Beverly we went to an old Tavern and waited our turn at the supper table. We were all beastly hun-

gry. I remember we stood behind the chairs, waiting for the men who were eating to get up.

The next morning, early, an alarm was sounded, and everybody turned out into the streets, including the women and children. There was a tall young man, by the name of Armstrong, from Clarksburg, with us. He was out at the barn. When the alarm was sounded, he came bounding up through the garden. There was a fence and a stile, but Mr. Armstrong did not pay attention to either. He cleared the stile at a jump. This was because he was excited. The enemy did not come and so we waited until nine o'clock that night, when we were ordered to fall back to Huttonsville, eleven miles. The mud was awfully deep and every little while we had to get down into the mud and lift the wagons out of a hole. About three o'clock in the morning, my brother and I turned aside into a barn, almost tired to death, covered with mud, and lay down on the barn floor, and slept until morning. A boy came into the barn yelling that the Yankees were coming, but we were so tired that we were almost willing to let them come. We went to a farm house where they furnished us with buck wheat cakes and we had a great breakfast.

At Huttonsville we were joined by several new companies, among them Shoemaker's battery of artillery. It was here that Gen. Garnett joined us and took command.

Major Chenowith

While at Huttonsville I got very well acquainted with a splendid and dashing young officer, Major Cheno-

with, who was on Gen. Garnett's staff. He spent some time testing out the new recruits. I met him at close range one night when I was on picket duty. The Major was making the rounds of the guards. He came to me and entering into conversation, became exceedingly friendly. At last in a familiar way he asked me to let him handle my gun. This I refused, whereupon he went away, apparently very angry. He did get hold of the gun of two or more of the pickets while he stayed there, and they got into serious trouble about it.

I was on guard with a number of men at the bridge one night, when some horsemen rode up and Chenowith seemed to be in command. He said he wanted to cross the bridge but had no written orders from the General. I refused to let them pass. He swore he would cross the river just above the bridge. I told him if he did I would fire upon him. He then demanded that the Officer of the Guard, Lieut. Galvin, be called. This was done but Galvin would not let him pass and they both grew angry. Finally the Major had to withdraw. Major Chenowith was a gallant soldier and was killed at the battle of Port Republic in 1862.

Laurel Hill

General Garnett ordered a forward movement to Laurel Hill, which was just across the mountain from what is now the town of Elkins. We had been joined by the 23rd Virginia Infantry and by the first Georgia Infantry.

The first Georgia Infantry was made up largely of rich men's sons. They came richly dressed and some of

the boys were attended by two body servants, valet and cook. Some of the fellows got dreadfully homesick. It was here that one of them having a sharp hatchet in his hand was so homesick that he deliberately cut off three of his toes and otherwise mangled his foot, and being wounded and useless as a soldier was sent back home.

We did a great deal of drilling here. Part of it under a dashing young officer, Lieut. Washington. We had also with us one of the finest looking young men I ever met, Lieut. Gatewood, he was from Bath county, Virginia. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He had one of the richest and strongest voices I have ever heard.

Doing Picket Duty

Gen. McClellan came up to Belington with 7,000 men and laid seige to our position. On our right flank, three-fourths of a mile from our camp, was an old mill held by the enemy. We had a picket post half way between the camp and the mill. One night I was on guard at that post. The position ordered by the sentinel was the most exposed and unmilitary one that could have been thought of. I had to pace 100 feet in an open clearing with the bright moon light shining down on me and a deep beech wood 200 feet away on all sides so dark and dense that my vision could not penetrate it. When I had walked my beat about an hour, I heard two men in the woods near me. They walked entirely around my beat three times. I was in the open and on the post nearest the enemy. For some strange reason no harm came to me. When I was re-

lieved I told what had occurred and urged that a change be made. The officer of the guard only laughed. The next night the sentinel on that post was fired on by a couple of men in the woods near him. But fortunately the bullet only pierced his cartridge box and destroyed some of his ammunition. After that they put three men at this post.

My Brother Lucius was four years older than I and was father and brother to me while he lived. I found out afterwards that when my brother learned that I had been sent to this dangerous post he went secretly to the officer of the day and tried to take my post and have me recalled, but the officer declined to do it.

Shot at by Mistake

Generally when the Federals shot at us I am led to believe that it was intentional, that they really would have done us bodily harm if they could, but sometimes we were in danger from our own men.

While at Laurel Hill, Gen. McClellan was at Belington with about 7,000 men. One evening six companies of my regiment went down to relieve several companies on guard in the woods just in front of the center of the Federals. At a point in the road where we turned up the hill to relieve our men we met Col. Taliaferro who had become separated from his command. Just as we got in line we were fired upon from the top of the hill. We were immediately ordered to charge up the hill and to hold our fire until we could see the enemy. There was a man to my left who did not like the idea

of charging up the hill, so he started and ran back. Lieut. Gatewood halted him and told him that he would shoot him if he did not make the charge with us. So he figured that since he would get shot either way that he might as well go up the hill, and he went with us. We soon found that the whole thing was a mistake, for we had been fired upon by four companies of the 23rd Regiment which we had come to relieve, they, in the twilight mistaking us for the enemy.

So far as I can remember this was the only instance during the war that I was in such a dangerous place and was not the least bit afraid.

The Laurel Hill Retreat

General Pegram had moved forward from Beverly to Rich Mountain, about the time we advanced to Laurel Hill. McClellan attacked Rich Mountain and Pegram capitulated the day before we retreated from Laurel Hill. The Federals cannonaded and skirmished with us several days before the retreat. McClellan flanked us and would have gotten entirely in our rear, if we had not hastily retreated.

For one hundred hours before the retreat, I was on continuous picket duty on the mountain not far from our camp, getting only snatches of sleep, ten minutes at a time.

Several days before leaving Laurel Hill our Colonel and seven companies of the 31st was sent down to the old mill on our right flank. Col. Jackson gave very strict orders that we hold that position at all hazards. We had a large ill tempered fellow in the company,

a man by the name of Griffith. We were in an old mill race which was dry and made very excellent breast works, and we were told that the enemy was only 300 yards in front and would attack and charge. When Griffith got this news he adopted the motto of "Safety First" and retired up the hill behind a big tree. Up to this moment he had been very brave and let it be known as far as his voice would reach that he was a great fighter and was really yearning for excitement.

A Long Hard Retreat

I had been on picket duty for one hundred hours, as I have stated, McClellan had almost surrounded us. General Garnett found it necessary to retreat. It can be readily imagined that many of us were in poor condition to endure the hardships of what has since been known as the Laurel Hill Retreat, which took us over mountains and through rivers in rain and mud and underbrush with almost no food and no rest for six days and nights.

We waded the Cheat river 24 times and had the battle named after that river on one of these six days. On the same day we lost our beloved commander Gen. Garnett. I sat on a rock and put on my shoes within ten feet of Gen. Garnett only a few minutes before he was killed. McClellan was in our rear pressing us. Hill was expected to attack us in front with 1,500 men. The 31st Regiment was sent forward to meet Hill, so my company was not engaged in the battle at the Ford. Gen. Garnett was sent for hurriedly to go back as the enemy was making an attack on our rear. The Federals

came across a bottom a third of a mile from the woods and attacked our men as they were crossing the river. We had Shoemaker's Battery and four brass guns posted on the opposite side of the river. One gun was put out of commission by a shot of the enemy striking it fairly in the muzzle.

Gen. Garnett had crossed the river to the opposite side, but detailed 20 men of the 23rd Virginia to guard the balance of our wagons across the ford, while he went back to face the enemy. When the last group of wagons was about midway of the stream, Gen. Garnett, seeing that the enemy would kill or capture his guard, ordered them to cross the river behind the wagons. The guards refused to move unless he would go with them. This he would not do. When the men had gotten about half way over the river, the general was about to start in the water but was shot in the breast and killed. He had been an instructor at West Point to Gen. McClellan, the Federal officer, whose men were just across the mountain pursuing him.

Gen. McClellan had Gen. Garnett's body prepared for burial and then sent it through the lines to his home for burial.

The enemy, as a matter of fact, lost more men at Carrick's Fork than we did, although we were badly crippled. McClellan did not push his advantage, believing that Gen. Hill would give us battle at Red House, Maryland. This Hill did not do, although we lay badly crippled, tired, hungry and demoralized within 200 feet of his pickets. I understand that he was court-martialed for not doing so. At this time we had lost everything we had, except the artillery horses.

We arrived at Red House, Maryland, about one o'clock, Saturday night and laid down on the side of the road and slept until sunrise. We then took up the line of retreat again and got back into Virginia at Rocky River bridge. Two incidents occurred that are worth mentioning. Our command had stopped on the Maryland side of the river guarding the rear. A number of cows and calves were grazing near where we camped. We had had nothing to eat for three days and nights but two crackers each. Tom Reed, my brother and myself, killed a calf, stripped the hide from a hind leg, cut out some meat and holding it over a fire with our ram rods began to broil it. We had neither salt nor bread to eat it with, but it tasted good.

Even this meal was a short one. While we were cooking the meat some cavalry hurried in and told us the enemy was coming. We immediately crossed the bridge and set it on fire.

A Comrade Divided up With Me

We started on our way in a hurry. The road was dusty. The sun was hot and we had to climb a long hill after leaving the bridge. While going up the hill. I saw a young fellow eating a piece of raw fat side meat. The grease and dirt, where his fingers dug into the side meat as he held it, showed very plainly, but I was not particular at that time. I did not know him, but I asked him if he thought he had eaten enough of that, and he said he had. He passed it over to me and I took it and ate quite a lot of it, notwithstanding the

marks of his fingers, and the dirt and grime from a dusty road, for I was hungry.

More than twenty years after this incident, and after I had moved to Huntington I was standing in the store of Deacon, J. N. Potts, talking over experiences in the war. Dr. Wall and some one else was present. I told this story giving it plenty of color and not failing to mention how dirty looking the man was who gave me the meat. They laughed about it, and then Deacon Potts gave me the surprise of my life when he said, "I was the man who gave you that meat." but he said, "Even now I feel like whipping you for the way in which you referred to my appearance." Brother Potts and I had been intimately associated from the day I came to Huntington and have been the closest personal friends up to this time and we will be to the end of the road and beyond.

Another incident. My brother Lucius had had whooping cough and was not very strong. Our shoes had given entirely out. During the march we were without food except a few crackers and the two meat dinners that I have just mentioned. My brother gave out and sat down by the roadside and encouraged me to go on with the Company. I refused to leave him. Capt. Cooper came along and finding that my brother could get no further asked him if he had any money. He said that he had spent his last cent the day before. "Well", said Capt. Cooper, "I am strong and will give you all I have." He turned his back to us and put a silver quarter in my brothers hand. It was all the money that Capt. Cooper had. He finally got strong

enough to travel slowly and we found our way through the woods to the home of a man who had nothing in his house to eat but a few small onions. He told us that if we would go to the big white house, about two miles away, that we would get something to eat, as his wife was up there cooking for the soldiers.

We finally reached the big white house and found our cavalry rear guards there trying to get something to eat. The road in front of the house was a mass of men and horses. I went back to the kitchen and told an old colored woman that if she would get me some corn bread and buttermilk I would give her a quarter. "Well honey," she said, "you come into de kitchen and when I lifts up the top of the oven you grab." I did this three times and we had a royal meal. I never remember eating anything in my life that tasted as good. My brother was greatly strengthened for it was the first real food that we had had in about four days. In the strength of this food, we traveled skirting along in the woods and fields until two o'clock that night, when we caught up with our command.

We Kept on Going

Then we came to Petersburg in Hampshire County. Here we got flour and some of us thinking we had plenty of time, carried our flour away up in the town to have it baked. We got hold of a big chunk of beef and were having that baked but, before we had the bread baked or the beef cooked, those blamed Yankees came tearing down on us with a rush and we had to leave the place hungry and in a very bad humor. We waded across the

river, which at that point is about 150 yards wide and while not very deep, had a slippery bottom on account of the large boulders.

The next thing I remember was a great crowd of friendly people who came in to see us at Franklin in Pendleton County and brought great loads of provisions to us. The men were nearly perished and certainly not very polite, and it finally ended by men getting in each wagon and throwing out meat and bread and pies and cakes, like a farmer throws corn to his hogs. We almost had a riot at this point when it was reported that some of the provisions brought in by the farmers were taken by the officers and sold to the soldiers. This may or may not have been true. I did not believe it, and think that it grew out of the imagination of a lot of half starved men.

From this place, it was only about 25 miles to Monterey in Highland County, Virginia, the end of the retreat. We were joined here by the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, under Col. Rust, a very brave and impetuous officer, also by another four gun battery and two companies of cavalry. After being there about two weeks we all moved forward to Greenbrier river at the west foot of the Alleghany mountains at a place which we named Camp Bartow.

At Camp Bartow

At Monterey we had a man about forty years old, belonging to our company, by the name of George Arbo, he was very untidy, not to say dirty and he had an enormous appetite. I do not know how much he really

could eat, but I remember one evening at supper, seeing him drink six pint tin cups of coffee. I think he liked coffee.

While at Camp Bartow, Capt. Stofer, whom I have mentioned before as to making a speech at Philippi in which he said we could lick all of Lincoln's soldiers with a peach tree switch, came in to camp again. He was visibly subdued. He had been a prisoner and had just made his escape. He still wore his black, long tailed coat, or at least what was left of it. After running as hard as he had for so many days to avoid meeting some of Lincoln's men, he was very docile. So far as I know after that, he took no active part in the war.

Here we were increased in number by the 44th Virginia, the 12th Georgia, with Col. Edward E. Johnston, and by Hanshaws battery of infantry, and by the 25th Virginia battery of infantry, with Maj. Rogers. Soon after this my brother Lucius was on picket at the foot of Cheat mountain, having some men on the post with him. Two cavalry videttes were out in front of them and discovered about 60 men in blue at the top of Cheat mountain. These men rode by the post and yelled to the boys that the enemy was coming. Almost before they could get ready the enemy double quicked around the turn in platoon formation. Two of the pickets ran without firing, but my brother and a man by the name of Slocum fired at the enemy about 60 yards away. They then had to run to escape capture. Slocum escaped. My brother, who was sickly, could not run so well. He climbed a fence and started across a little meadow. The Federals rested their guns on the fence and fired at him. One bullet pierced his right

arm, two cut him across the right shoulder and one across the right hip. He was the first man in this regiment to be wounded. After a long time the wounds healed, but his right arm was crooked and there was only strength in his fingers to pull a trigger.

He was taken to a hospital in Harrisonburg, Va. and even before his wounds healed he took typhoid fever, which nearly ended his life. But he recovered and soon after entered the 10th Virginia infantry, in Capt. Milhorn's company.

The Cheat Mountain Expedition

Shortly after my brother was wounded, 1,600 men volunteered under Col. Rusk, to go on what was known as the Cheat Mountain Expedition. The Federals were well entrenched and fortified on top of Cheat mountain. One group was to take a guide and go to the rear of the fortifications on Cheat mountain and a simultaneous attack was to be made by Gen. Henry Jackson on the front with 2,900 men.

I was a volunteer with the 1,600 men who went in the rear of the enemy's camp and fortifications. We were three days and nights getting into position in rear of the enemy's camp. Cheat mountains are a long range paralleling the Alleghanies and very close to them on the west. Our party (the 1,600) was made up of volunteers from all the commands and the hope was that we could take the summit of the mountain where the Parkersburg and Staunton pike crosses. The place was well fortified, having a block house, with heavy guns in it in the center of the camp and heavy

rifle pits entirely around. This place was defended by 3,200 men, when we started, but they must have gotten wind of our movements, for the night before the attack they were reinforced by 3,000 men.

We reached our position in the rear of the enemy, after a horrible trip in the mountains, probably 50 miles. We waded down the Cheat river, over five miles, because the laurel was so thick on the banks we could not get through. Sometimes the water was almost up to our necks. At nine o'clock, the night before the attack, we were a mile and one half from the enemy. Every thread of clothing on us was soaked by the rain and the river. It rained on us continually five days and nights. We lay down on the mountain, over a mile from the camp, having cut brushes off the trees to put under us. It was absolutely dark. There was not one ray of light. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, for two days and nights. When we moved forward that night, each man held on to the jacket or belt of his file leader. Many slipped and fell and some were right much hurt. My company, C of the 31st Virginia, commanded by Capt. Cooper, was deployed a third of a mile west of the enemy's fortification. The enemy not knowing that we were there sent a large detachment down to relieve picket guard. When they were opposite our company we fired. This alarmed the camp above us and they sent probably a thousand men and two pieces of artillery to attack us. There were only a few casualties, but we captured 90 men.

Too Much For Us

At this juncture a council of war was held and it was discovered that 3,000 men had come to the enemy the night before. Rusk and one other officer favored an immediate attack, but all of the others opposed it. Then Col. Rusk began to withdraw his men, but in his hurry he forgot our company. We came very near being captured. The enemy had a heavy column on each side of our flank. We got out and caught the rear of our forces, three fourths of a mile away. Col Rusk came back and finding that we did not have our knap sacks and equipment, asked where they were. We had stripped for the fight and had left them. He made a sharp order for us to go back and get them. We were in the extreme rear of the command and in single file. We about faced and started back, Seargent, Bill Taylor, being in advance. When we got down in sight of our baggage, I turned and looked back and there were only seven of us. Soon I looked again and everybody had gone but Bill Taylor and myself.

The enemy was going up on either side of us and we would soon be entirely cut off. The Yankees were punching bayonets into our baggage and shooting holes in it. Taylor insisted on shooting at them, but I strongly urged that he should not do so. Finally I got Bill away and we caught up with the army. We lost the 90 prisoners we had captured and 40 of our own men.

After almost incredible hardships, returning by the same route, wading this time up the river, as we had before waded down for over five miles, having lost

over 200 of our men, having lost our prisoners, thoroughly dispirited, tired and hungry, we got back into camp.

The main body of the army, under Gen. Jackson, had made an attack on the enemy's front but were repulsed. Jackson and his men got back to camp several days before we did. It would be impossible to describe the condition of our men when we returned to Camp Bartow, foot-sore, weary, half starved, ragged, dirty, discouraged and many of them sick.

General Reynolds Attacks

After recruiting, resting and drilling a long time, we were in pretty good shape when Gen. Reynolds attacked us on October 3, 1861. We had the 31st Virginia, 23rd Virginia, 1st and 12th Georgia, 25th Virginia Batt., two four gun batteries and two or three cavalry companies. General Jackson commanded. Reynolds attacked early in the morning. The largest part of the fighting was done by artillery. We had about 2,500 men and the Federals 3,500. They attacked us while we occupied a fine position on the foot hills of the Alleghanies. Two of our cannons fired over our heads about fifteen feet above us on the side of the mountain. The gun just above me fired 85 times, and the reports were deafening to me. My hearing was badly injured by the noise. A gunner in the company next to me performed a very heroic action during the fight. The enemy was throwing shells at us. One fell above the rifle pits and rolled down among the men before bursting. This gunner grabbed the shell and threw it out just 2 seconds before it burst. Had he not done this it would probably have killed and wounded a large number of our men.

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During this engagement in the forenoon the camp guard had not been relieved. The men were pacing their beats in front of the regiment when a thirteen inch shell came across. It seems to have struck the commissary building at the foot of the hill, then, ricocheting, struck the ground once, then struck the gun of a sentinel. He was at support arms. The point of the shell struck the barrel near the last band and, reversing ends, struck the barrel just below the first band, doubling the gun in the shape of a hoop and knocking the sentinel about twenty feet. Strangely enough, the sentinel was not much hurt. He got up, found his gun, went up to the colonel's quarters and speaking as though he was greatly at fault in the matter, said, "Colonel, my gun is knocked all to pieces and I want to know if you will give me another one." I was present at the moment and Col. Jackson said, "Yes, indeed," but you send that old gun home to your people. Nothing like that has ever happened to anyone before."

John, Dan and Ed Smith were in my company, but for two weeks, John had been away sick. When they heard the roar of the guns, during the fight, someone notified Dan and myself, that Mr. Smith and John had come and were on our right in a ravine, being stopped there by an officer. We got permission to go to Mr. Smith, who was 73 years old, paralyzed on one side, had very little use of himself and had to be helped on and off his horse. When we got to him the old man was angry and was contending with an officer, who would not let him go into the fight. I said, "Mr. Smith, you must not go up that bank for you will be hurt." He said, "What do you mean, sir? My blood is as rapid

now as it ever was." We could do nothing with him, and an officer compelled him to keep under the hill out of the range of musketry until the engagement was over.

The fight lasted about eight and one half hours, and at its conclusion we held our position and the enemy retreated to his block house, ten miles away, on the top of Cheat mountain.

My Cousin Willie Manly

During our stay at Camp Bartow, my cousin, Willie Manly of the 44th Virginia infantry, took typhoid fever and when the doctor found that he was going to die, they sent for his father to come to get him. The only means of transportation back over the mountain was in heavy army wagons.

Uncle Peter got the boy in one of them and they reached Hightown at the end of the first day and camped. Before morning the spirit of cousin Willie departed and Uncle Peter kept on home to Fluvanna County with the dead body of his boy.

Willie was a fine, manly fellow and a good soldier. Once while he was sick in a big hospital tent, I went to see him and he said, "Cousin Henry, won't you bring me a canteen of that good cold spring water behind your camp." I said I would and I went and got it, but the doctors would not let him have the cold water and the nurse hung the canteen up. Poor boy, that night he watched the chance and crawled out of bed and drank so much water that the doctor said it would kill him and I suppose it did.

Col. Edward E. Johnson

Col. Johnson was a Georgian and an old Army officer before the war. He came to Virginia in command of the 12th Georgia. He was a man of undoubted courage and a good officer. One or two incidents will show his character. —

At Camp Bartow, while commander of the army, he used to ride about to his picket posts at very unreasonable hours and often found his sentinels not expecting him. One rainy night he went up the mountain road a couple of miles, unattended. When within 60 feet of the post, the sentry halted him and ordered him to dismount, hands up, bridle rein over arm, advance and give the countersign. This was alright and the General dismounted and came up. He was halted within twenty feet of the sentry. "Halt, and countersign," shouted the sentry. "I have no countersign, I am Gen. Johnson." "I don't know who you are and I don't care who you are, mark time, march." The general was compelled to mark time while the sentinel sent the word out the line for the Officer of the Guard. The mud was deep, but the sentry kept the General marking time until the officer came and relieved him.

The General complimented the sentry very much of his soldierly way of doing. The sentry told some of the boys later that he knew the old 'Son of a Gun' all the time but he wanted to get even because the General had put him in the guardhouse once for getting drunk.

At the battle of Alleghany Mountain, Gen. Johnson was marching along the hill with the men and carrying

a stick about two feet long waving it before his eyes, and yelling, "Give 'em Hell boys, Give 'em Hell."

At McDowell, the General was shot in the foot as he was leading his men up the hill into the fight. One of his old regiment, seeing him laying close to the lines as they went up the hill, turned out and said, "Oh, General are you hurt, can I help you?" "No Sir, Damn you, you go on up the hill into the fight, you are just trying to get out of it."

At Camp Yeager

About the 25th of November, we went back up the mountain to Yeagers, where we went into camp and fortified.

On the 13th of December, our army was attacked by the Federals from the top of Cheat Mountain. The fight raged for nearly nine hours, but the enemy was driven back with very heavy loss. Our losses, also were severe. Our Company C lost eighteen, killed and wounded out of about 42 men in the fight. Out of our commissioned and non-commissioned officers, everyone but myself was killed, wounded or missing. I was a Corporal at the time and the command of the company devolved on me for two weeks. We buried six of our men in one grave, and I commanded the firing party.

We lost a great man there in the person of Capt. Anderson, a Captain of Artillery. He saw some men in the edge of the woods toward Greenbank. Supposing them to be our Greenbank pickets driven in, he rode out and called to them to come on in. The men raised their guns and fired, killing him instantly. It was a

detachment of the enemy that had slipped up through the woods and impersonated our men. The Captain had been a soldier in Mexico and in the Indian Wars and was killed in his 58th battle.

The night following the battle, I was dreadfully busy. We had to go over a field hunting for the wounded. I remember that up on the side of the mountain, about eleven o'clock, we found several wounded Yankees. One of them was shot through the thigh and groin. He swore frightfully, cursing every one of us and saying, "If our men had all fought like I did, there would have been none of you left to tell the tale. Poor fellow, he died the next day.

Very many incidents might be related of the Battle of Alleghany Mountains and of camp life here that might be interesting, but I have not time to dwell on these things now. Fifty years have gone by and much has been entirely forgotten and some things though partially remembered are now hazy and indistinct.

I find it especially difficult to remember names and dates of long ago. Men that I was familiarly acquainted with and some of them that I can see in my minds eye, almost as plain as a picture of them would be, are now entirely forgotten as to their names.

Sent to a Hospital

About January 1st, 1862, our surgeons said that if I could be taken to the hospital at Staunton, Virginia, I would probably get well again. Col. Edward Johnson, mentioned above, in command of the brigade, swore that "No man strong enough to sit up in his bed and

pull a trigger should go." After considerable effort on the part of Brigade Surgeon Bland, and his assistant Dr. Buttermore, I was taken to Cow Pasture river, where they had to leave me for some days in order that I might be strong enough to go on to the hospital at Staunton.

I think I remained at Staunton until April, when we were sent on to Lynchburg. Two incidents of my stay at Staunton come to me just now that I will relate.

In the previous fall my trip in the attack on Cheat Mountain had caused me to take a dreadful cold and my fall in the river had brought a great sore on my left leg, which finally spread up to my body and down to the ankle. Among other troubles from this cause came an abscess on my neck on the left side, which grew as large as a pint cup. Dr. Minor, the chief Surgeon, fearing it would break inside, in which case he said I would die, decided to open it. Two surgeons came to do this and wanted to give me an anesthetic, which I refused. Then, said Dr. Minor, "I shall arrange the matter by having three men hold you during the operation." This scared me worse than ever, and I declared I would not submit to this, but if he would allow it, I would sit on a chair and grip it strongly and be perfectly still during the operation. Dr. Minor insisted that I could not do this and that if I flinched or attempted to evade the knife in any way, it would probably be fatal to me. I do not know how I summoned enough nerve, but I did. They made two incisions of about two and one half inches across horizontally and there came out a quart of puss.

The other incident was this: After I began to get better and was allowed to walk about the grounds, a comrade from Philippi and myself were often together and we agreed that as we were not given enough to eat, we would get some on the side. We bought a fat hen and some butter and flour and agreed with one of the cooks at the hospital to give him all he could eat of our pie for baking it. I remember Fred and I sat in front of the kitchen window and waited and waited for that pie to get done. Finally when we were nearly starved, the man came out carrying our pie in a big stove pan, just as he had taken it from the oven. We ate enough to kill us, but it didn't hurt us a bit. I have always thought well of myself for the part I had as to that chicken pie.

At Lynchburg

About 225 of us were taken to Lynchburg in April and put in an improvised hospital. The building had formerly been used as a tobacco factory.

One morning I woke up in this place and found two dead men, one on either side of me. The cots were about two and one half feet apart. There were about 160 patients in the factory, a large brick building with a partition running through the middle, the partition having arched openings between.

One of our men, Geo. Lurty, had his jaw broken by Lieut. Jim Galvin on Alleghany Mountain in a drunken brawl. I had helped him by poulticing his jaw and otherwise doctoring him. He was also in Lynchburg. By this time the wound in his jaw had

separated and had produced a round hole in the jaw I was on the street one day and heard George conversing with a very nice old citizen. George was telling him about the battle of Alleghany Mountain and how he was shot through the cheek. I do not remember how long I stayed at Lynchburg. I was afflicted with a hurt I had received the previous summer at Cheat river, when we attacked Cheat Mountain stronghold. I had fallen in the river and hurt my knee, as mentioned. There came something like a blood boil on my knee. This developed into a sore, which extended up to my waist and down to my ankle. I suppose I must have taken cold, which caused this sore. In addition to this, I was worn out and run down to such an extent that the head doctor held a consultation with the surgeon and decided that I would not get well. So they decided that they would make me ward master in the building where I was, and if I declined that honor, they would discharge me from the service. I very promptly declined the position of ward master, which place I had not the physical strength to fill. Soon after that they sent me to my regiment for discharge. The oversight or meanness of sending me to my regiment for discharge, consisted in sending me off without furnishing me with either transportation or money, and I was so weak that I could scarcely walk a square.

Soon after getting on the train, going from Lynchburg to Charlottesville and realizing that I had no money, I curled up on a seat. When the conductor came by he did not waken me or ask for fare. I heard him say "Poor Fellow, he is sick," and passed on.

At Charlottesville, I changed to the Virginia Central, now the C. & O. and came to Staunton. I had known this conductor from a boy. When I told him who my father was, he remembered him well and carried me without pay. At Staunton I caught a wagon going to camp, eight miles away and got back to the old Regiment again. They believed from the Surgeon's report from Lynchburg, that I would not live long and gave me my discharge and pay. The pay was in confederate money, but the depreciation at that time was not more than 25 per cent. I was getting \$13.50 per month, and while I had four months back pay, it did not go very far. Soon after this, I went down to Uncle Peter Manly's in Fluvanna County to get well.

Back Into the Service

I came back to the valley, after a little while, and met Jackson's forces (Stonewall) coming up from Winchester, where he had achieved a great victory, had captured many prisoners and nearly 4,000 wagon loads of provisions and ammunition. My brother Lucius, who had been so badly wounded at the foot of Cheat Mountain, the fall before, was at this time in the Valley with Jackson and had charge of a large train of ordnance supplies, captured at Winchester. My brother was an Ordnance Officer on Stonewall Jackson's staff. 2,300 prisoners were brought in ahead of the army and sent to Richmond via Staunton. As before stated, I was sick and could hardly get about, but I had an opportunity to ride a horse to Staunton and supposing that Jackson would follow right on to Staunton I went up

the valley. Next day I found that Jackson had turned off the Valley pike, south of Harrisonburg and taken the Fort Republic road.

About one half mile from where Jackson left the pike there is a piece of timber land. A school house stood in this timber, and it was here that Gen. Turner Ashby was killed on the evening of the day I went up to Staunton. On the following morning, learning that Jackson's army had gone to Fort Republic, I turned and came down to Mt. Sidney, pushing on by a road Southeast of that point. I nearly ran into the soldiers of the opposing army, and into the battle of Cross Keys. I could not reach our forces by that route. The following morning I went down to the Virginia Central, some ten miles, on my way to Fort Republic. I got within a mile of town. Jackson had defeated the enemy at Cross Keys, had crossed the river that night and in the early morning had given battle to Gen. Shields, just below Port Republic. When I had gotten near the town, I had been meeting a lot of ambulances, wagons, men on horseback and a good many on foot, but everything was in confusion. I could learn nothing of what was going on. Of course I could hear the booming of cannons and the rattle of small arms, but just at this point, two or three officers rode hurriedly from the direction of Port Republic and ordered everyone going in that direction to turn and hurry to the rear so as to give way to the retiring troupes.

It was probably nine hours later, after we had all turned back that I learned that Jackson had defeated Shields. There was no action during the war that I regretted not being in more than this one. To be sure

I was on the sick list and was under no obligations to be in it, but my brother was there and I wanted more than I can tell, to be with him. But I had no horse, and was scarcely able to walk. I shall always believe that the officers that came out of the town that morning and turned us back were getting out of the fight themselves.

Cross Keys and Port Republic

It was at Port Republic in the early dawn of the morning, that Stonewall Jackson started across the bridge. Whether he knew the enemy was there or not I cannot tell. When he came within twenty feet of the muzzle of a gun, the men who manned it all being in their places, his quick wit and courage saved him. He demanded, "who ordered this gun placed here?" They supposing him to one of their own officers in authority, were put out by his question and for a moment fell away from the gun. Jackson spurred his horse and dashed away from the bridge, and, although they quickly discovered they had been sold out, they fired and missed him.

These two battles, Cross Keys and Port Republic, showed magnificent generalship on the part of Jackson. He came up the valley, apparently fleeing from the enemy. Fremont, with a large army, mostly Germans, followed him up the Shenandoah Valley, while Shields came up the Massonetta Valley parallel to the other army, and not more than twenty miles apart. Their plan probably was to form a junction near Staunton and crush the Confederates. They evidently mis-

understood the kind of military brain that Jackson carried under that old grey cap. After Port Republic Jackson fell back to Brown's Gap.

The second day after the battle of Port Republic, I went down the river on the East side of the Blue Ridge and up to Brown's Gap, where Jackson had fallen back for safety and to rest his troops. Here I found my brother Lucius laying under some small trees and bushes, very sick and I think at times, unconscious. He had undergone great hardships in the previous four weeks. He had brought the captured stores out of Winchester and had safely gotten them out of the hands of the enemy.

Taking My Brother's Place

I think it was the day following my reaching the army that we had orders to move. Of course we did not know where. We had heard that Whitings Division from Lee's Army had gone on to Staunton by rail. Most of us had the notion that we would go after and destroy Fremont and Shields. Then when we were ordered East we felt sure that we would go up to Richmond to confront McClellan.

When our part of the command reached Charlottesville, I was ordered to take my brother's place under Capt. Hugh Lee for the campaign East and my brother was ordered to go down into Fluvanna County to Uncle Peter Manly's to get well. At this point Gen. Whiting's one half division passed us on the way to Richmond. I think this division was sent up there to deceive the Federals. We felt that as these men were fresh,

having ridden from Richmond, only a few days before, that they should have walked and some of the other foot soldiers have ridden. But Jackson decided differently, and probably he was right.

The fight of the Seven Days Battle was opened by Jackson at Mechanisville early in June, 1862, and for seven bloody days the battle waged until its close at Malvern Hill. When our fellows went cautiously over the enemy's ground the next morning they were not in sight. They had moved off before daylight down to the river and had gotten themselves safely under cover of their Gun Boats, at Harrison's Landing.

Terrible Scenes

I am not writing a history of the war, but I am jotting down personal things that occurred during these four years.

I sometimes think I saw more dead and wounded men and horses during these seven days that I have ever seen in my life.

At Frazier's farm I looked carefully over about two and one half acres of ground, where a very large number of men had fallen. I think one might have walked over and over this ground from any direction and never put his foot on anything but dead men. I counted 32 corpses in a log stable not over twenty feet square, where they had been barricaded and were shooting between the logs.

For a great many years, following the war of the sixties, my stomach has been sensitive and if any filthy sight meets my eyes or unpleasant odor assails my nose,

I cannot eat, even though I be very hungry. But it was not always thus. Just after one of these battles and on a hot day I was surrounded by dead men and horses. Coming to a little ravine I sat down on the rump of a dead horse that really smelled very badly and ate a bit of lunch. Being very thirsty, I went to the rivulet and lying prone upon the ground took a big drink of water. Getting up from the ground and looking up the rivulet I saw a dead horse laying across the stream.

A Message to Jackson

The next day after the battle of Frazier's farm, I was sent with a dispatch to Stonewall Jackson with orders to go to a certain apple tree near the main house and deliver the message to him. This I was anxious to do, but not finding the General at his headquarters and the day being very hot, I put the bridle rein over the horse's head and lay down on a plank, one end of which was set up in the tree about four and one half feet from the ground. I was tired and so laid back on the plank with my feet on the ground. I do not know how long I laid there, but I awoke with a start which rapidly reached a great big scare. Before me stood a big Union soldier, with a gun in his hand. I pretended not to see him and closed my eyes again like I was still asleep. I was wondering what in the world I would do.

I finally decided to bluff it out, so I opened my eyes and apparently saw him for the first time. I shouted to him, though he was less than six feet away.

“What are you doing here, sir?” “What do you want?” To my utter surprise he answered, “I came in to surrender, bedad.” I was greatly relieved and said, “Give me your gun, sir.” And when he handed it up to me I felt like thanking him. His explanation to me was, that he had been in the regular army for eight years, and when the war came on he was somewhere on the frontier. They promised not to send him East, as he would not fight against his own people. They evidently forgot this and his regiment was sent East. He said, “I have been in this seven days fight, begad, but I always fired in the air.” He said he was lost from his regiment in the swamp the night before and was determined to come in and surrender.

I turned him over to Gen. Jackson, whom he said he knew, as he had served with him in Mexico. I suppose that this must have been true because I was told that Jackson recognized him and gave him a parole.

I have always believed that Gen. McClellan's military ability was of a very high order, else he never could have extricated as much of his army from the Chickahominy swamps as he did, and carried them safely to Harrison's Landing. I cannot believe, even now, that he would have succeeded but for disobedience of orders on the part of Gen. Hughes, who I have always understood, was directed by Lee to throw his division across a certain main road on which McClellan was retreating, and thus prevent his escape. Either from misunderstanding of orders or some other cause Gen. Hughes did not move his division to the point indicated for 24 hours, and thus he allowed the Federal Army to escape almost certain capture or destruction.

Malvern Hill

The last of the Seven Days battle was in some respects the most desperate of the seven. The enemy was making a last grand effort to save himself, and the battle lasted until 9:30 at night. The cannonading was absolutely terrific. The musketry was continuous and dreadful. The enemy fought as hard as they fought at any time during the whole war. Our men were thrown time and again at the hill, in the attempt to drive them off. After the most desperate efforts they were withdrawn a short distance to wait for morning.

When the morning light came, it was found that McClellan had retreated under the shadow of his Gun Boats, not daring to risk another daylight battle. During the battle at Malvern Hill, some of our very best Brigades stormed the enemy lines and were beaten back time and again. Just after a desperate assault one of Jackson's brigades was driven back with fearful loss, and they were so much demoralized that by ones and twos and dozens they were leaving the field. Finally Jackson, seeing that many of his men were completely demoralized, threw himself among them and endeavored to halt them and turn them back, but there was no use. This was probably the only occasion during the war that this great soldier failed in stopping a rout among his men.

As a matter of fact, the Union Army had been doing splendid fighting and had been ably led, but this fight was too much for them. When McClellan reached Harrison's Landing and placed his army in the shadow of the gun boats it was a worn and demoralized rem-

nant of the magnificent hosts that stood before Richmond, when the fight opened at Mechanicsville.

Some days after this my brother returned from Uncle Peter Manly's and as I was worn out, I left the army and went through Richmond on up to Uncle Peter's.

Uncertain Transportation Facilities

Before leaving I got hold of a mule that we captured in one of the last fights. This mule was about the ugliest quadruped that I ever saw. He had the hair rubbed off him in many places by the harness, but in other places on his body and especially on his belly the hair had grown from three to four inches long. His attitude was that of perversity. He threw me off three times the morning I left. When he could not get me off any other way, he would rush out into the bushes and trees and scrape me off. He succeeded in kicking my legs several times while I was in the saddle.

I overtook a sick soldier from Alabama, lying on the road side resting. I felt like being kind to him and asked him to ride. I rather think he did not like the looks of that mule, but after some persuasion he got on and started. He had not gotten over 25 feet when he was thrown off in the sand. I laughed at him and told him that he did not know how to ride. He bristled up and mounted again. The mule promptly threw him off the second time. Then he was mad at me and the mule. After much persuasion and kidding on my part he remounted after I had promised to lead the animal, which I did with a long rope. The rope

was 20 or more feet long, and this was necessary for safety, because, even at this distance, I had trouble in keeping out of the animal's way.

It was about seven miles through Richmond from the Rockets to the West end of Broad Street and, there I was, leading that mule all the way, being constantly followed by a crowd from 50 to 150 boys yelling and jeering at me. Every little while the mule would amuse himself and the boys by either kicking me or them.

Five miles from town I overtook a man driving a good looking sorrel mare. I must have inherited a tendency to trade horses. It is a weakness that one should try to overcome. I had only been with that fellow a few minutes when we began to trade. He explained that the slight limp which his horse showed came from catching her shoe in the planks of a bridge, a few days before, but that she was the gentlest animal he had ever known.

We swapped.

I went on a couple of miles and stopped for the night. That mare had the worst case of bone spavin and, in the fourteen years that she had lived, had developed the most awful temper that I have even seen in a domestic animal. She also had a bad sore on her back that I had not noticed. I sold her for a very small figure to a farmer. He tried to make her plow, but it sometimes took three or four negro men to get her to go and then keep her going.

Jackson's Tactics

I have already stated that all of Jackson's foot soldiers were very indignant when Wilcox's and other

divisions were sent East by rail while they had to walk.

In the first place these fresh troops were sent West as a strategic move to deceive the enemy. They were sent West as though Jackson contemplated a trip with his army to follow up the Federal forces around Winchester. As a matter of fact it was arranged by Lee and Jackson to immediately double back these fresh troops to the front of Richmond and of course they reached there before Jackson's foot soldiers did.

Another thing we never understood, and because of it were greatly worried. Just as soon as Jackson's Army reached North Richmond, one of his divisions opened the Seven Days battle at Mechanicsville.

One incident is related of how Jackson was able to keep his own counsel. Stonewall was riding in front of the Army with several of his staff. In passing a large gate near one of those old Colonial Homes that are frequently seen in Virginia, a very pompous looking old gentleman rode out. He immediately saluted the General, rode along side and said, "my name is ———, I am very well and favorably known here in this State. I am a strong Southern man. I think I am perfectly reliable and I want you to tell me where your next battle with the Federals will take place."

The General looked at him kindly and said, "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes sir," replied the gentleman, "I can." "Glad to know that, sir," said Gen. Jackson, "So can I."

Around Richmond

General McClellan had a large army, probably 180,000 men, on the peninsula. They were well equip-

ed and I have no doubt that they were all, from McClellan to the rawest private, confident of going into Richmond within a few days.

Lee had about 140,000 men including Jackson's army from the valley. This Army from the valley had, in less than 65 days, almost driven the enemy out of the valley. They came up and whipped the Federals under Cook and Reynolds, at McDowell, then hurried down the valley, driving the enemy before them. Near Winchester they captured 2,200 prisoners and 4,500 wagon loads of commissary and ordnance stores. These he drew along with him and came up fighting the enemy at Cross Keys and badly defeating them. Then, the following day, he met the enemy under Shields at Port Republic, having prevented Fremont and Shields from forming a Junction. If they had succeeded in joining forces they might have beaten Stonewall's army and in that case McClellan would probably have entered Richmond.

The Army Corps commanded by Jackson opened the fight just East of Richmond at Mechanicsville, but instead of Wilcox's division of fresh troops being sent in to open the fight it was begun by some of the worn out and wearied troupes of the Valley Army, the same men who had fought and beaten the enemy at Cross Keys and Port Republic. When they got near Richmond they were foot sore and weary. They were hurried into the Seven Days fighting, beginning in Mechanicsville and ending at Malvern Hill. McClellan had withdrawn to the shelter of his gun boats. Throughout the Seven Days battle, including Gaine's Mill and Frazier's Farm and ending at Malvern Hill, I served

in my brothers place on Stonewall Jackson's staff as a Sargeant of Ordnance and throughout these battles I was kept busy issuing ammunition. Sergt. Wade was the ranking non-commissioned officer and Capt. Hugh Lee, formerly of Clarksburg, and a nephew of Gen. Lee was a Captain and Staff officer with Stonewall.

Sometimes the Ordnance train was two or three miles in the rear of the firing line, and sometimes right up against it. We had plenty of chances for being hurt by far reaching minnies or bursting shells.

Good Generalship

I have already mentioned that if it had not been for a mistake in orders or for wilful disobedience on the part of one of our commanders, McClellan would have been bottled up following the battle of Malvern Hill and his troops surrounded in the swamps. The action of our officers has always been severely commented on by Officers and privates. Failure to throw a division across McClellan's main avenue of escape permitted McClellan to get to his gun boats.

The general opinion, both South and North has been that McClellan was lacking in Generalship in leaving the peninsula as well as in the conduct in the Seven Day battle. But I agree with many of our best military critics in the South, that not only in the disposition and management of his superb army, but also in his masterful retreat he showed that he had the brain of one of the best strategists on the continent. It seems to me that the retreat could not have been better managed.

At Green Springs

Soon after the last mentioned campaign, Gen. Lee's Army reoccupied their lines in front of Richmond. Jackson moved his army to Green Springs, about 75 miles from Richmond in Louisa County. Here he rested and built up his command for about eighteen days.

It was while the army lay here that I saw my brother Lucius for the last time. He had gotten stronger and had reached our camp the day following the battle of Malvern Hill. He had asked to be relieved from Staff Duty in order that he might go back to his Company.

I have never believed much in dreams or supernatural warnings. My brother was a very practical man, but he evidently had a strong feeling that he would not survive the next battle. He confided this to my Aunt Hettie Manly, but requested that she would not tell me. He told me just before the command marched, and the last time I ever saw him, that, "He did not believe the bullet had ever been moulded that would kill him." But I know now that this was pure bravado, and was said to keep my spirits up.

On the morning that the battle of Cedar Mountain opened, August 9th, 1862, he told Lieut. Riddleberger, a personal friend of his and some years later a U. S. Senator, that he would be killed in the battle they were just entering. Riddleberger made light of his statements, of course not believing in premonitions. He told me later that my brother went into the fight with coolness and confidence as though there was so sort of danger. He was at the head of his Company and to

all appearances, entirely indifferent. He had been wounded at times previous to this.

Some hours after the beginning of that hard fight his regiment was sharply engaged with the enemy and was being supported by two new Alabama Regiments, which seemed unable to stem the force of the attack, so fell back. The enemy then charged the 10th Infantry. It was a terrible situation. The Regiment had to retire. Col. Givens and a number of officers were killed. Large numbers of officers and privates were killed and wounded. When the order was given for the Regiment to retreat, my brother probably did not hear it, for he stood in his place firing a short rifle until he was finally shot in the right side and mortally wounded. As he fell he called to the boys not to let the enemy get his body. Capt. Melhorn, Lieut. Riddlebarger and two other men whose names I cannot remember ran back in the face of the enemy's fire and within twenty feet of their line and carried him off the field.

He was carried to a house about 300 yards from where he fell. He lived about 27 hours, suffering most awfully. The ball had stopped after its course just below the skin. I have the bullet in my possession now. It seems a gruesome thing to keep, but I brought it home after the war and gave it to my mother. Before her death she gave it back to me with the request that I should keep it.

My Brother

My brother was as faithful, conscientious and brave a soldier as I ever knew. He was a sincere Christian

and was not afraid to die. In August, 1862, at the time of his death, he was in his 23rd year.

He was about four years older than I, and had been a father as well as a brother to me. He kept nothing for himself, but gave without stint, whatever he had that would be of use to me. When I had been appointed to dangerous picket duty he would try to get the officers to let him serve in my place. We always had our purse in common.

I Tried to be With Him

I was scarcely able to be about and was still recuperating at Uncle Peter Manleys, when I heard the booming of the guns, which announced the battle of Cedar Mountain.

I knew that my brother would be in this fight and, weak as I was, I determined to go. Of course I did not know the exact point, but I knew that the fight must take place East of the Virginia Central railroad.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, though scarcely able to sit on a horse, I mounted and rode until eleven o'clock that night. Being unable to stand it any longer, I stopped at a house and asked permission to spend the balance of the night, but met with a decided refusal. I then asked to bring my horse in and lay down in the yard. This was allowed and I rested on the ground until daybreak, when I started on and rode all day until nine p. m.

I reached the Rapidan river, near Orange Court House and here met Jackson's army retreating from the field.

I was entirely too exhausted to go any further East, even if I had been permitted. I went to a wheat stack, about 200 yards from the road and, tying my horse's bridle rein to my foot, lay down to rest. The army was passing by all night. At daylight I went to the road and watched for someone I knew. After a while Capt. Hugh Lee, with whom my brother had served on Jackson's Staff rode by. He told me that he had heard from my brother after the battle and that he was not hurt. I was much encouraged by this statement, but waited for my brother's Regiment the 10th Infantry, which was covering the retreat of the army, to come up. Near nine o'clock, I recognized the Regiment coming and soon my brother's Company came on, and I knew some of the men and rushed into the line and asked about him. They were strangely silent at first, but finally one of the men told me that he was dead and buried. I could not believe it. Capt. Lee had told me that he was not hurt. I followed along with the men and questioned them until finally and very reluctantly I was forced to accept it as the truth. But for years afterwards I felt almost half of the time he was not dead.

While on Sick Leave

About the first of January, 1863, being sick at Uncle Peter Manley's and unable for field service, I was asked by a Mr. Grant, who operated a large tobacco factory in Columbia, to help him out, by taking the management of the factory temporarily.

I was not a practical manager, being only a boy,

and never having governed so large a number of workmen. There about 100 in all. There were all negroes, and all slaves. About half of them boys and men, and the other half women and girls. They made cheap grades of tobacco for the most part. I had charge of the factory for about six weeks.

At this time the currency of our part of the country was getting to be very bad. On account of the blockading of our ports we could get very little in by sea. Arms and ammunition were only obtained by taking the most fearful risks. Large numbers of men spent all their time in smuggling quinine through the lines. We probably lost thousands of lives in the swamp land of the peninsula for the lack of this drug and so the most strenuous efforts were made to obtain it.

Running the lines was a very dangerous occupation. To be captured inside of the enemy's lines meant certain death. Often times the men so caught, and shot had run the risk for no other reason than that they might relieve their suffering comrades. The surgeons in our hospitals ran short of quinine and they knew of no other substitute for it.

About this time I went to Lynchburg and was there for about four weeks, working in a cigar shop to pay my board.

On a Long Hike

Learning that General Imboden contemplated a raid into North West Virginia, and hoping to be able to join it in time, I set out for Staunton, Virginia, though I could get no certain knowledge of where the expedi-

tion would start and really was not physically able to go, but I was so anxious to see my folks that I started.

After reaching Staunton I learned that General Imboden was somewhere to the West. The next morning I started out and on reaching Millboro, the terminus of the road, learned that Imboden was still West of there. His movements were uncertain so I pressed on, walking until I got to Lewisburg, nearly 100 miles over the mountains. I was very lame. There I found Imboden, who had returned from the raid. He had gone as far as Buckhannon. There was some little fighting, a few lost, some prisoners and horses captured but after talking with the General, I judged from his conversation that the expedition was almost barren of results.

The reason for my wanting to go on the raid was that I might have been able to see my people for a few hours and I could have gotten a good horse.

Major Lady

On the train from Staunton and on my way in hunt of Gen. Imboden, I met Maj. John B. Lady. He was a splendid young officer, who had served since the beginning of the war in the Shriver Greys, 27th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson Brigade.

At the same time I also met Harry Caton, one of the most delightful young men I have ever known. He had been a member of Hood's 1st Texas Regiment. Harry was dreadfully shot to pieces at the battle of Seven Pines and left on the field for dead.

I was destined to become very closely associated with the two men above mentioned.

Maj. John B. Lady was just then starting out to form what became the Lady's Battalion of Cavalry. This Battalion was afterwards enlarged and became the 20th Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Col. Wm. Arnett, Col. John B. Lady and Maj. Evans.

I Joined Captain Heiskell's Company

Camp was established on Buck Creek, about four miles above the town of Huntersville and was named Camp Northwest.

At this time, Gen. Wm. Jackson, who had been Colonel of the 31st Virginia Regiment of Infantry, was forming a brigade of cavalry and the 19th Regiment was organized soon after reaching Camp Northwest. Col. Wm. E. Thompson, former Capt. of company A, 31st Virginia, was a Colonel. I cannot recall the names of the other field officers.

I became a member of Capt. Heiskells Company I, a part of Lady's Battalion. I was elected Second Lieut. of this company and my commission came in from the Secretary of War, but strange to say I only served a few days in that capacity. A young man from Monroe County, who was a special friend of some of the officers and men of the regiment, had been very active in forming a command and had been promised a commission. Two weeks previous to the election of officers, he had been home and told his family and friends all about the matter, and no doubt posed as an officer. He was utterly disconsolate when he heard how the election had gone. He cried and wept sore about the matter and said he never could go home again. I felt very sorry for him.

Col. Lady asked me if I cared very much for the place and if I would mind giving it to the sorrowing one. As a matter of fact I cared little or nothing about the position and readily agreed that if the matter could be arranged with the men and with the War Department, I would give him the place.

I think this young man was the most grateful soul I ever saw. He overwhelmed me with thanks and promised me undying friendship. Poor fellow, he was dreadfully wounded at Droop Mountain and incapacitated for further service.

Recruiting

The summer of '63 wore away in recruiting, in drilling and in scouting. I think it was in July that I was sent by the Colonel to open a recruiting office in Richmond. I was there five or six weeks. I cannot remember the number of recruits I took into the service, but it was between 30 and 40. A few of these I got in Rockingham County, where I spent about a week.

While at Harrisonburg, I was sent for by some men at the county jail. I went around there supposing that I would find some old Army acquaintances that had been arrested, but I did not find anyone that I knew.

About fifteen men belonging to Maj. Harry Gilmore's command had been caught drunk and the town authorities had arrested them and put them in jail. They all declared they would gladly enlist for three years in the 20th Regiment if I would promise to get them out. The fact is that I did not want them, for more than one reason. They were already mustered

into the service in Gilmore's Battalion and could easily be arrested and taken from us or they could as easily have deserted and gone back to the old command, and, after looking at them in jail, I did not think that they would add much lustre to the Confederate cause.

A New Friend

I made the entire trip from the Valley of Virginia with one of my new recruits by the name of Blain. He was a man about 43 years old, weighed about 215 pounds and had never served as a soldier. This man had an interesting family of a wife and five children and I think they were all girls, the oldest about eighteen.

When we were at Hightown, before we had gotten to the Regiment, I went into a house and found Blain there under the influence of liquor. He was wild and about fifty men around the house and yard were going to kill him. They said he had made some insulting remarks in the presence of one of the ladies. I had promised to watch and take care of him. I had to shove him ahead of me and turn and keep the fellows back until I got him outside the yard. Blain was very willing to fight, but I kept them off him. After we got outside the fence I persuaded them to let him alone.

I might say right here that Blain did not live a year, but it was whiskey that killed him and not an enemy bullet.

On my way from Richmond after I got to Rockingham County, Blain and I came West together to Hightown. He had a very good horse and I had none, so we "rode and tied", I had sent the other men on

before us in squads of from four to eight as rapidly as we could get them ready to start to the command.

At Monterey Again

When I reached Monterey, court was in session. There were a great many people in town and a considerable number of soldiers scattered about on leave of absense. I had a friend there John Seybert of our old regiment. His father kept the principal hotel in the town and John was home on furlough. I rode up in front of the hotel to speak to John, but did not intend to dismount. He insisted that I get down and eat dinner with him. It was 12:30 and I was always hungry, but, for some reason or other, I declined. I never knew why I did, but I started on. When I got up on the side of the mountain and looked back on the town, 2000 Federal Cavalry had swooped down on the town and captured it. They came in unexpectedly, captured the town and the court and scattered soldiers and citizens almost without any resistance. I have never known any good reason for my not stopping with John for dinner, but if I had done so I would surely have been captured or maybe killed or wounded.

A Run for the Gap

I hurried on over to Hightown and found my Regiment under Col. Arnett in camp there. When I left the camp a month before this time they were at Camp Northwest on Buck Creek, three miles from Huntersville, the county seat of Pocahontas County and 18 miles from Little Levels. Between Monterey and Hightown

there is a mountain six miles across. It lays between the two and the only available crossing is a gap. The Federal Commander at Monterey knew that Col. Arnett was at Hightown with 500 men and if he could get to this gap first and cross and get in Arnett's rear he ought to be able to capture the whole command.

The Federals started for the gap as hard as they could go. They were probably 30 minutes ahead of us, but as soon as Arnett saw the situation he ordered the command to make the best run they could in order to beat the enemy to the gap.

I think we galloped about six miles along the West side of the mountain, while the enemy was coming down the East side of the mountain to the gap. We beat them to it and got away from them, but they came through the gap that night and the next day followed us down Buck Creek and in the afternoon we had a sharp fight with them.

After Deserters

While we were at Camp Northwest, Col. Lady sent for me one evening and told me that he had ordered Lieut. Steve Rice and myself to go that night up to the summit of the Alleghany mountain and catch and bring back six deserters. He thought that, as they were on foot, we might intercept them before they reached the summit of the mountain. To be plain about it, I did not like the job, for four of these men were old Louisiana Tigers who had joined after the Tigers were disbanded. I could not decline the honor, although we both expected to be shot from ambush as we went up the mountain.

We reached the mountain top about 10:00 o'clock at night. The pickets said that they had neither seen or heard anything of our men. After waiting an hour we started back and when we reached camp, found that the deserters had decided to return to camp and had gotten back there before we did.

These Tigers were bad men in almost every way and averse to any kind of discipline, but they could always be depended on in a scrap to do the most desperate and fool-hardy things that could be thought of.

A Bad Ford

Following the gallop we made with Col. Arnett to reach the pass before the enemy reached it, we had almost a day of skirmishing with the same force that had followed us from just below Hightown.

Late in the evening and when we were about 14 miles from Camp Northwest, Blain and I turned off the road to the left to find something to eat and a bed to sleep in if we could.

Two or three miles away we found a very good place to stay and not only a good bed but an excellent and plentiful supply of food. I think I never have eaten more greedily than I did that night and next morning. There was a great rain during the night and next morning the creek banks were full. About three or four miles from where we staid all night we came to a ford. I was riding Blain's horse and he went on down the creek to a foot bridge which was in sight. I rode boldly into the creek not knowing that the ground had been washed out of the road under the water at

the ford, and the second step my horse took into the water he went over his head and almost turned a summersault. I was in a great torrent of water and was washed down fifty feet below the ford under a great bank in a whirlpool. I remember that the horse turned around in the pool three times before he could force his way out into the stream again. Finally we got out and made a landing on the other side. We were soon joined by Blain. By this time I had taken a violent case of colic and I know that for about eight hours my suffering was greater than I have ever experienced in my life. My friend held me on the horse for one-third of a mile by which time we came to a very good farm house. This house had its gable to the road, but a long porch on the East side. Blain was going to take me in and lay me on the porch, but a middle aged woman came out and insisted that I should not come in the yard even, that I had small pox (my face was very red.) My friend took me on the porch in spite of what the woman said and laid me down and then started to Camp, which was about eight miles, for the surgeon of my regiment and an ambulance.

I suppose I laid on the porch about an hour without any attention when a grand-daughter of the house came over on an errand and spied me lying there. The old lady forbid her going near me and told her she was sure I had small pox, but the girl said to her. "It would be a shame to let one of our soldiers die here without giving all the attention we can." The young lady was a stout, good-looking girl, about eighteen years of age. She put her hands under my arms after raising my head and clasped her hands under my neck and

dragged me in the house to the hearth of a big fire place. She soon had a great fire burning, had me wrapped up in blankets and was giving me several kinds of hot tea and continued to bring me to life. The Surgeon and nurse reached me about four o'clock. I was very much easier. I think without any doubt the young lady saved my life.

After reaching camp it was several days before I was able to walk about.

Not long after this and while we were still at Camp Northwest, I learned that about 25 of our fellows from Harrison County had just run the blockade and had come to join us.

I got myself appointed to go down to Little Levels, eighteen miles below, to meet and bring the boys into camp. There was, as I remember, just eighteen. Among these men was a notable man from Wood county, about Parkersburg. He was a large, heavy man and weighed about 240 pounds. These men were a part of the force brought through the lines by Maj. Armsby, of Harrison county and who became the Maj. of the 17th Virginia Cavalry. Armsby was soon after this captured and sentenced to death as a spy.

In some matters that occurred in 1864, I will tell how it came about that the Major was released.

Trying to Get Back Home

Some time after the battle of Droop Mountain, the command came back to Camp Northwest. I went to Gen. W. L. Jackson and obtained permission to make a scout as far west as Harrison county, where my father

lived. I agreed to take nine men with me and get them mounts on the trip.

Harry Caton, my old friend of the 1st Texas regiment was one of the men and the one I depended upon more than any of the others. He was a Wheeling boy and some three years before the war had gone to Texas and served in the Rangers for some time. When the war came on he was in Mexico City but immediately came back to Texas and joined Col. John B. Hood's 1st regiment and went to Virginia. I think I mentioned this before.

He had been spending the night before the battle of Seven Pines in Richmond, but early on the morning of the fight he went down to camp and finding that the regiment had moved forward toward the enemy, he hastened on and arrived just as they were lining up for the fray. He had not intended to see Col. Hood just then, but unexpectedly ran into the head of the command just as they were deploying. The Col. recognized him, at once and spoke sharply to him about being away without leave. Harry made the best excuse he could and asked permission to take part in this little tea party.

That day he was fearfully wounded, being shot in the breast and side. He was half mile from the road, when wounded, and after some hours he realized that he would die there or bleed to death before being found. He crawled through the brush and the woods suffering horribly until he reached a place where he could see or hear the wagons hauling the wounded off.

He finally attracted attention and was carried to the field hospital, but when the surgeons saw him they

declined to dress his wounds, because they felt his case was hopeless and they had only time to give attention to men who might recover. Caton insisted that he would get well and finally had his wounds dressed. He was soon on the way to recovery and was sent up the James river where he got strong again.

He was one of the bravest men I ever knew, a natural-born gentleman, kind and generous. I met him in the Spring of '63 as I have already mentioned and we became fast friends, so I got permission to go on this scout in order to see the home folks and incidentally to find some horses for the men, and I took Caton with me. We left Little Levels and were gone a month and five days.

Incidents of the Trip

I will only mention a few of the incidents of our trip. The whole trip had plenty of action and excitement about it. I might say now that we lost two of our number, captured, we supposed.

In Lewis and Harrison Counties we were compelled to separate, though Harry and I stayed together except for five days once when I was sick and had a high fever.

I had a map of the roads in two or three counties and they were quite intelligible to us. The principal roads were marked showing us the houses of Southern people and also a different mark on Union houses. Of course we were obliged to keep off the roads for the most part but we kept in sight of them.

On one occasion, we had crossed a tall mountain and left the road a long way on our right, as we sup-

posed, but when we got over the mountain in sight of the valley and road we could not determine where we were. We saw a large farm house one half mile below us, but could not tell from our maps who lived there, nor whether it would be safe to go down.

It was my turn to go and find out. I took off my uniform jacket and left my short cavalry rifle with Caton. When I started down I had on an old straw hat, pants and shirt, the pants held up by a pair of yarn galluses. I am sure I looked green enough. I went in the back way and found a woman churning. She was a very intelligent looking person and I felt that she was suspicious of men the instant she saw me. She inquired who I was and where I lived. I told her I worked for Mr. Smith on the other side of the mountain and that he had sent me down to the mouth of this creek to bring back a steer. The woman looked sharply at me and I knew that I was under suspicion. She told the girl to give me a cup of water, then told me to go out the way I came in, to go down the meadow and then cross over to the big road. I started, but decided to go up the hill the way I came. She called to me in a minute or two and asked me why I didn't go the way she told me. I told her that I thought the other way was closer. I am sure that she thought that I was a green boy and it didn't matter.

I started again and went by the way of the front porch, the very thing I did not want to do. I found that on that porch sat two Yankee soldiers in uniform. However I was in for it and I slouched along across the yard and they did not speak to me. I thought at

the time that it was a close shave, for I had no arms to defend myself with but they happened not to suspect me.

Two nights before this incident we stopped in front of a large farm house and we knew the man who lived there was named Wilson, a friend. It was about 1:30 A. M. and the moon was shining brightly. I went up on the porch and tapped on the window several times before anyone answered. At last a rough voice called from an upper window to know who we were and what we wanted. We finally persuaded him down stairs and talked with him some time, but could not convince him that we were all O. K. He told us we could go down to the barn and stay until morning, when he would come down and take a look at us and if he could help us he would. The fact of the matter was it was a ground hog case with us, we had to have assistance from him. We were finally forced to go to the barn and burrow down in a haymow to keep warm. The next morning about sunrise, Mr. Wilson came down to the barn floor accompanied by two dogs. He wanted us to get down on the floor quickly. This we did and he looked us over critically. The dogs in the meantime appeared very friendly to us. Finally he said, "come on up to the house to breakfast, I am satisfied you are alright, if you were Yankees I couldn't keep those dogs off you." We had a good breakfast and went up the hollow and laid under the trees until dinner.

After dinner we got our bearings and went to the top of the ridge or mountain between the two small valleys. We were to follow the ridge about eight miles to near the mouth of Hacker's Creek. About four

o'clock we decided that we had tramped far enough to have found this creek, but, as a matter of fact we were lost and did not know where we were.

It was at this time that I went down in the valley and had the experience, disguised as a farmer boy, as before mentioned.

After I had taken the route that the woman had pointed out to me, through the front yard, I went on to the road and down about a mile and crossed over making a long detour and reached my friend Caton again.

My Father's House

We reached a house of a friend of the South about eleven o'clock that night. We had little difficulty in convincing him as to who we were and after a hearty meal with him and his family he brought out a couple of horses and took us several miles on our road and within about six or seven miles of my father's house.

We reached father's house about three o'clock A. M. He lived about a half mile from a little place called Johnstown. There were some 200 Yankees camping as close to the town as my father's house. They were not regular soldiers, but belonged to a set of men that were mean and cowardly in the extreme. They were not looking for soldiers to oppose, but sought every opportunity to abuse women and children or helpless and crippled men. They often arrested such as these, took them to Clarksburg, appeared before the commandant preferring usually trumped up charges and had the poor victims sent to camp Chase.

In this county of Harrison, a large number of people who were not guilty of any wrong doing, lost their lives from the inhuman treatment accorded by the Home Guards.

I remember the incidents of this home coming as well as if it had occurred only yesterday.

There was a beautiful September moon shining in all its cloudless brilliancy. We went very quietly, my comrade Caton and I, but when we had reached the barn, only about one hundred yards from the house, my dog Tige set up a furious barking. I knew his voice. This was the only dog I ever owned and the only one I was ever fond of. He was a white bull dog. I called in a low voice to the dog and after a short time he recognized me. I never have known an animal to exhibit as much joy as he did when he found out who I was.

We finally went up to the house and I went to the door and knocked. I heard father and mother talking, she evidently trying to keep him from going to the door. Finally as I was persistent in wanting to get in, father got up and asked again, "who is there, what is your name?" I asked him if he had a son in the army and told him that I brought a message from him. Just then my mother said, "Oh! it is Henry." She knew my voice.

I got in the house. They made no light because some soldiers were around the house an hour before and they were afraid.

My brother George, was about 17 years old at this time, he surprised me by running in and calling to me, "Henry, are you a deserter?" I said that I was not. Then he said, "If you are there is the door, we don't

want a deserter in this house." The reason he said this was that a good many fellows in the county had gotten tired and discouraged in the Southern army and had come back home and taken the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government. This they were obliged to do or go to prison.

An Unusual Introduction

I greeted all the family most heartily and among them a young lady, Miss Mary Fox, who was teaching school in the village and boarding at father's house. She was a Southern girl, a native of Culpeper County, Virginia, the daughter of a widow then living a few miles from Jhontown. She had a brother, Mr. T. S. Fox, in the 17th Virginia Cavalry. This lady became my wife after the war in the fall of 1866, October 7th.

We have often laughed about my kissing her among others at home, before I ever saw her.

In a few minutes my mother asked me where my brother Lucius was. I then realized that she did not know of his death, which had taken place more than a year before in the battle of Cedar Mountain. She had at different times heard of the death of both of us, but did not know that my brother had actually fallen.

We slept about three or four hours in a thicket of trees not far from the house and my father came in the morning and brought out breakfast. We stayed there several days and nights, but never sleeping in the house and seldom spending an hour there because they were constantly watched and it would have meant prison or death for the whole family if we had been found there.

Miss Fox, who is now my wife, made me a pair of pants and father had me a pair of excellent boots made and in other ways my wardrobe was improved and we were well rested and better able for our trip back to "Dixie". We were about 150 miles from our lines. The children at home were all old enough to be told who I was but one, Nellie about four years old. She understood me to be Mr. Jones from Clarksburg.

The night came for us to leave and Harry and I determined to eat supper with the family about 10:30. We had a delicious supper, but I had very little appetite, but at last the good bye and God Speeds were said and we started. We were compelled to tramp through the woods and fields so as to avoid meeting people.

In a Nest of Yankees

One incident that occurred about two weeks before we went to my father's house, I think is worth telling. Up in Lewis County near the edge of Webster, was a family by the name of St. John. We had their name on paper or map as good people for us to see. The father was dead, the only son was in our army in the 19th Cavalry.

The family at this time consisted of the mother and two daughters. Before reaching their place, my friend Caton, had gone down near Milford and was taken sick. A sympathizer was taking care of him. I was up in the St. John's neighborhood, being in the great hollow of a burnt out poplar tree. I could not afford to ask them to keep me at the house because there was too much chance of being discovered. The Federals

had at this time 1000 or 1500 men camped within two miles of the St. John's home. I was taken sick with some kind of fever and was very bad. Both of the St. Johns girls came up in the woods and brought me food and bed cover and later such medicine as their mother thought might help me.

I was there sick about six days. I began to feel much better and was so awfully lonesome there in the woods by myself, I was willing to risk almost anything to be with human beings again. About sundown one evening, when I was feeling this way, I slipped down through the woods and crossed the road and went to the barn. Mrs. St. John had seen me in the barn yard and as two soldiers had just called there to stay all night she slipped down to tell me to hide, as these men would soon be at the barn to put their horses away.

They came down and fed their horses, I being in another part of the barn and very careful to not discover myself to them.

About 9:00 o'clock, I went up to the house and looking in the window could see none but the ladies. I decided that these soldiers had gone to bed and I walked in to the sitting room. The ladies were frightened at my coming in. They were afraid the soldiers would come out in the room and finding me there, make trouble.

I sat with the folks about one and one half hours and then went to bed in the room next to where these soldiers were sleeping, but they never suspected my presence. I remained in bed until after these men had breakfasted and left the place next morning.

In a couple of days after this I got with Harry again and made the visit home, as I have already told.

After leaving home, in a couple of nights we had gone into the upper part of Lewis county and not far from the head waters of Hackers Creek.

Harry and I separated for a few days, about this time. He went a few miles from me to stay with a southerner who had invited him, and I was for several days about one mile from the farm house, where I had gone to seek information about our road. The woman's sons were still at home on furlough for I saw them both, although I did not think it necessary to tell them I was there watching them.

When we first came into Upshur or Lewis counties, I can't remember which, we mounted six of the eight men we had with us. Two of the men were either captured or deserted, we never knew which. I wanted the men we had brought from Camp mounted and sent back before we went into Harrison County to see my father. The six men we sent back arrived safely in camp sometime before we did. I was the guest of an excellent fellow, who fed me well and watched for me around the thicket where I was hidden. This would have been much more lonesome and trying to me, but fortunately my host had some confidential friends, who wanted to hear from some of the boys in our army, and he brought them to me.

Finally Harry and I communicated with each other, agreed to leave for Dixie on a certain night. At the same time a man by the name of Rinehart had seen us once and later sent us word he wanted to go with us to Dixie. I had arranged for my horse, which was

in fact a beautiful brown mare. I went after her about 8:30 in the evening. I went to the place where the two soldiers were on a furlough. All the family seemed to be boiling sugar cane. The man I had with me went into the meadow within twenty-five yards of the group at the fire.

“Borrowing” a Horse

I do not now and have never defended the morality of this act of mine except on the ground of necessity. We were almost literally surrounded by enemies at this time, we were about 135 miles from our lines and I think the chances for our escape from them depended almost solely on the horse that I borrowed of that farmer.

I can truthfully assert in addition that I never took anything of value from a non-combatant except in this case.

After getting my horse I rode her bareback about three quarters of a mile to a place where I found Caton and Rinehart, both of them well mounted. Rinehart had been hurried almost to death for six weeks, running from one cover to another to escape capture. I should have said that in going to our rendezvous, I had gotten into the main road about one half mile from the place where Caton was staying. Just before reaching the front of the house I heard horsemen on a trot meeting me. I could not afford to be captured, but I could not turn and ride away, because I did not know where the road would take me and I feared I would meet people I didn't want to see.

The barn stood between the house and the road. Instead of a big gate there were old fashioned bars opening to the road and knowing that in another minute I would meet these men, the only safe thing to do was to get through into the barnyard thence into the meadow at the other end of which behind a clump of willows I was to find Caton and Rinehart. My mare jumped the bars without any difficulty. Before I was out of the barn yard the men behind me either didn't care to make the jump or decided to let me run down the meadow and catch me when I would attempt to come out in the road at the lower end of the meadow.

I galloped down to the willows and finding the men ready, we hastened back and went through the bars and started South. Pretty soon the Federals found we had taken a turn on them. They about faced and followed. About a mile from the barn we turned sharply to the left, but they continued to follow us. A mile farther on we turned off the road to the right and struck the mountain trail.

Getting Back to Our Lines

I have never known a man who was so good a woodsman as Harry Caton. The night had become dark and it was raining and we were following a mere trail. There was scarcely a path across the mountain, and yet this man seemed instinctively to know the way. The enemy was still following us, but I think on this mountain trail they were moving more slowly than we were.

A few miles from where we struck the trail, we ran into a big tree that had fallen across the path.

Caton was riding in front. He dismounted and felt his way to me and gave me his bridle while he scouted around the tree to try to locate the trail. It was so dark that I could see nothing, but in about fifteen minutes Harry came back and reported that he had found the trail. About seven o'clock the next morning we found ourselves in front of a raging little river that had been swollen by recent rains until it could not be forded.

We held a council of war and decided that the Yankees would in all probability be there in less than one half an hour and we thought it safer to swim rather than to risk a fight with them as there were too many of them. We plunged our horses into the river and finally succeeded in landing on the southern bank considerably below where we started in.

We were then in a wild mountainous part of Upshur or Webster county, I could not be certain which it was. We felt little fear of being pursued further than the river we had crossed as we believed they would not follow us until the water had gone down. We learned also in the community that morning that there was no big body of Federal soldiers in that part of the state, so we rode boldly along the public road toward the western line of Pocahontas County.

We found our horses pretty much jaded before one o'clock but we rested them some and got some food for them early in the afternoon. We were in very good shape except that my mare was barefooted and began to go lame on me. I took part of the old quilt on which I was riding, cut off pieces and bound up her feet. They

were worn and almost bleeding. This had to be repeated many times before we reached camp.

We felt considerably worried about three o'clock when we heard that a band of about a dozen Yankees were at the foot of the mountain some fifteen miles in front of us and over which we were compelled to pass. We found that these fellows were not soldiers but a band of robbers, being deserters from both the Union and Confederate armies, banded together for robbery and murder.

A Band of Robbers

We stopped about five o'clock at the house of a friendly family and they insisted that we go back because we could not hope to pass these robbers without losing our horses and money and possibly our lives. We got some supper and fed our horses and planned what we should do the next morning. Rinehart's horse had cast a shoe and as there was no blacksmith except right at the foot of the mountain we were in a quandary as to what to do.

We finally decided to ride up there in the morning and Caton and I would dismount leaving our horses outside the fence and we would go up to the house and entertain these fellows as best we could until Rinehart would signal us he was ready. Then we were to leave if we could.

I had a short cavalry rifle and a knife, Harry had a short rifle and a pistol. Rinehart had a splendid pistol which I tried to get but he could not be persuaded. When we came near the house which set back about a

hundred yards from the road we saw four men walking about on the green in front of the huse. We knew that we could not afford to pass without stopping so when we came to the gate we told Rinehart to go on to the shop and have his work done and we would go up and see the boys and be ready when he was.

We then dismounted, threw our bridle reins over a couple of fence posts and walked in and spoke to these fellows in a very jocular manner. They evidently were not expecting this sort of greeting. They doubtless knew in what reputation they were held and expected us to be scared (which we were). The morning was beautiful. We thought it was safe to venture a few pleasant remarks about the weather. It was the only topic which we could think of at the moment to speak about. We talked in just a casual and easy way though we did not feel easy. I thought then and do yet that I never saw a meaner looking set of men. They were large and well dressed and were literally walking arsenals. None of them carried less than two pistols and some of them three, and each man had a big gun and a knife. And more than that they looked like they knew how to use them.

They evidently did not know what to make of us. Anxious to know how many there were of them altogether I carelessly remarked that I would step in the house awhile and get some more breakfast. I turned with quite a swagger and went up to the house and found four of the party at breakfast. They were just as mean looking as the other three and were just as well armed. Just as I entered the door I took an inventory of the men and remarked pleasantly "hello boys". Al-

most before they had time to speak a woman came in bringing one of the men a cup of coffee. I immediately reached the table and picked up the cup of coffee before the man had a chance to get it. I remarked as I picked it up that I thought I would like a cup of coffee as my breakfast had been rather light.

I never saw a man look more surprised and they all looked in wonder at one another and then at me. They all got angry and left the table. Seeing that they were going out of doors I got out of the door, meantime blowing about having killed three Yankees that week and that I was mighty fond of the sport and that the boys with me liked it wonderfully well themselves.

I had now found out how many there were of them, seven. Both of us knew they were too many for us even if we had been as well armed as they were. We also knew that we could not count on Rinehart and besides he was more than a hundred yards away at the blacksmiths, and we had no way of knowing whether the blacksmith was for us or against us.

There seemed nothing else for us to do but bluff these robbers and we did it. We invented marvelous stories of fights we were having every day. It worked. I suppose that those fellows decided that if they attempted to kill us and take our horses some of their number would be killed. We kept on bragging and watching for Rinehart to signal that he was ready. We were getting very tired and running out of stories, and we did not know what moment those fellows might decide to begin shooting. Finally, much to our relief we saw Rinehart's signal. We knew that when we started

away it would be the crucial moment and we felt anxious to have it over.

We did not exactly back out of the yard but we talked jovially all the time moving slowly toward the gate. When we had gotten through and mounted our horses we started off laughing and calling back to them as though we were enjoying ourselves hugely, which we were 'nt. To our great surprise they did not attempt to stop us. We found Rinehart ready and mounted and we were very glad to leave.

I have often thought of this circumstance and believe so far as personal danger was concerned, I have never experienced a worse situation than this one. I think our bravado and apparent unconcern helped us somewhat, but undoubtedly we were taken care of and protected by kind providence. These men were lawless, were deserters, and were known as the worst type of robbers. We were told that they did not hesitate to commit murder yet we made our escape without a scratch.

Our return to camp occupied about two and one half days and was a hard and laborious trip for our horses and ourselves. We were almost famished for food before we reached the Little Levels, and our horses were tired out and weak for lack of food and their feet were so sore that they were bleeding.

In a couple of weeks after our return to camp, Harry Caton received word from his sister in Wheeling to come to that city. He got permission to make another scout into West Virginia. He was of a very adventurous disposition and he went alone.

We know very little as to what happened to him before his capture (for he was captured) and almost nothing as to what occurred afterwards.

He wrote a short letter to Miss Mary J. Fox, from Wheeling. It seems that he went to Wheeling to see his sister who was the wife of the Sheriff of the county. Then he went to Cincinnati and back by steamer. He started from Wheeling south and somewhere about Romney he was captured and sent to prison at Point Lookout. He was then carried to Fortress Monroe on the last vessel of exchanged prisoners before the war ended.

I was near Richmond at the time and confidently expected to see him but did not. I advertised for him and tried every means in my power to find him but could not. He was a gallant gentleman and as good a soldier as I ever knew.

A circumstance occurred when the whole party of ten of us were together on my trip into Harrison County, detailed above. When we were in Webster County, we passed through the County seat one day, but the only building was the Court House built of rails and small poles, a temporary building erected for the Court after the burning of the little town.

This was the only instance I have ever known of the entire destruction of a town either big or little. I think it was on the same day we passed through Webster Court House that we found night very close upon us and it was raining and we were all wet and muddy and hungry and no place to stay. We came to a settlers house of about three rooms and several in the family. I asked if we could stay all night and get our suppers.

They told us they did not have any bread and if we would grate the meal from the new corn they would make the bread. Several of the boys went to work and in the course of an hour we had plenty of meal.

They baked as good bread at that house as I ever ate. I don't remember what else they had, but I do remember that we had a delicious meal and the principal thing we had was corn bread made from the new corn.

New Recruits

A short time after our return from this scout, we were told that Maj. Thomas Armsby had just come through to the Levels bringing two or three hundred men to join different commands of our Army. I went down to meet them and quite a number of the men came up with me and joined the 19th and 20th Cavalry.

Among these new recruits was a large splendid fellow by name of John Hammat, from Wood County on the Ohio River. He was a large man weighing about 250 pounds then. He and I became friends soon after he joined us. He was a good man and a trusty and faithful soldier. We lived neighbors after the war for many years.

Soon after these men joined us, we moved to the east side of the Alleghany Mountains and about 13 miles from Huntersville.

The commanding officer ordered 18 men sent on a scout down to Huntersville to feel out the enemy and find out how strong he was. This was a volunteer scout and I was in it. My horse had a sore back and I found one of the boys that had a good horse and expected

to go on the scout. I told him if he would take my horse and stay with the wagon train if they moved, that I would take good care of his horse on the trip. He agreed and we made a temporary trade. We were commanded by a Captain and a Lieut. though there was another man, a Lieut. Williams with us. He went simply as a soldier in the party. My friend John Hammat was one of the eighteen.

Hunting for Trouble

We arrived at our old Camp Northwest, on Buck Creek, three miles from Huntersville, without incident worth mentioning. At that point five men were sent forward and ordered to go on until we found the Federals. I was one of the five sent forward. The road was down a gorge and was very narrow, with the river or Buck Creek on one side often ten feet to the water and sometimes only three feet. On the other side of the road was a steep bank. The understanding was that thirteen were to remain at Camp Northwest, as a reserve. The three commissioned officers remained with the reserve.

We had gone perhaps one and a half miles down the gorge and had neither seen nor heard anything of the enemy, when we came to a sharp turn in the road. I was very tired and I dismounted and threw the bridle rein over my horses head and sat down on a log that was beside the road. I had no sooner struck the log than I heard a pistol crack and thundering of horses feet coming round the turn. I sprang on my horse as soon as possible, but our boys had passed me

and by the time I started back the Federal Cavalry were very close to me. We had a hard race for a mile and then suddenly met our reserves in that narrow road with their horses toward us. Of course it was confusing and difficult for them to get their horses turned and get out of the way and very valuable time was lost which gave the enemy time to be almost on us before we were nearly out of the narrow road and where the bank was only about three feet to the water. My horse struck a shelving rock in the road and went over the bank into the water. He landed on his feet however. Fearful of being killed or captured, I made every effort to get back into the road and urging him with spur and rein I lifted him for the spring into the road, which he made reaching just a little in front of the oncoming cavalry. I thought for a minute or two I was a "goner", because they were so close they were striking at me with their sabres and firing all the time. Near this point the road ran into the creek, and for one hundred yards the road was in the creek. The splashing of the water was such that I couldn't see very well, but I found at one point a horse which had been shot down and the rider Lieut. Williams struggling to keep his head above water. One of his legs had been caught under the horse. I feared my horse would fall over the man and horse and I urged him and he made the jump lengthwise of the animal and never touched him.

We soon turned out of the creek and seventy-five yards further away came to a small bridge thrown over a little stream that poured into the creek. On this little bridge two horses had gone down in front of me. My horse cleared them both and I began to think I

could get away. One of the men who had lost his horse at the little bridge was running and he called to me to take him up. I could not. Had I paused to take him up, we would both have been captured or killed.

I was now bearing to the left toward a little hill where I could see a few of our men had gathered. I reached the hill and found the Captain and a few men there. As soon as I got up we began firing and held them off for perhaps twenty minutes. I suppose I had only fired half a dozen times when the lock of my cavalry rifle broke and I could not use it. We were obliged to rein our horses over the brow of the hill and load, then move quickly on the ridge and fire, reining the horses back again while we loaded. There was a considerable number of the enemy, probably 300, right in front of us at the hill. As soon as my gun had broken I pushed up on the ridge and remained there while the fight lasted. I could not afford to stay over the ridge even if my gun was broken. I have always been glad that it happened that way because I had nothing to do but watch the enemy.

There was about three hundred of them and half of them dismounted at the creek and were sent up through the woods to get in our rear. As the road at this point was in the shape of a horse shoe we were nearly at the point of the horse shoe.

Seeing clearly what they were doing I told the Captain, but he was excited and he swore that we would give them a few more rounds anyway. I kept watching these dismounted men until they had reached the top of the hill and then they would have to go even a less

distance than we to cut off our retreat. Finally I showed the Captain what they were doing and that we had barely time by hard riding to get out. He did order a retreat very regretfully, but he ordered the retreat instantly and when we passed the point where they would have cut us off, we barely had time to save ourselves. We lost in this little fight twelve or thirteen men killed or captured. There was only about six of us got back to Camp.

I have always thought it was a great mistake on the part of the Commander to send so small a force so far in front of the Army, and then I think an officer should be able to keep his command under discipline. He should refrain from risking his men where nothing is promised but the excitement of the fighting.

I was a witness that day of a very remarkable thing. One of these men, who was a first class soldier, became panic stricken after the fight was over and to my mind all, or nearly all, danger had passed. This man unbuckled his sword and pistol belt, and threw his weapons away and galloped to the rear as fast as his horse could go.

I cannot give a continuous account of happenings during these four years. I did not keep a dairy and I have forgotten names and dates and in fact very many important events with which I was closely connected. I have deferred the writing of these reminiscences too long. I find that I cannot recall the names of men with whom I was intimately associated.

East of Warm Spring Mountain

During the fall of 1863, we fell back to the East side of the warm Spring Mountain. The enemy in

heavy force was following us closely. When we came to the river three miles from Warm Spring's, Charley Martin and I were anxious to go up the river two or three miles to get dinner and to see two young ladies up there with whom we were acquainted. Col. Arnett at first refused to let us go, but finally said, "you can go, but if you are captured and ever return to the regiment, I will court martial you." We went, found the folks at home, got a lunch and found the whole family momentarily expecting the enemy.

One of our boys in the Regiment had a horse there on pasture. I knew the Federals would capture him and soon after reaching the house I sent a colored man for him and had him hitched near the gate and close to my horse.

The ladies and Charley and I came out to the gate or stile and were chatting when a negro boy ran up and yelled, "the Yankees 'am a comin,." We looked down through the orchard and they were coming sure enough.

Charley jumped on his horse and started, but, I decided to change saddles and lead my horse. It took two or three precious minutes to do this and when I mounted and started the Yankees were very close and my "led" horse was moving very slowly, and I was urging him to come on.

I had to cross the river near the house and as soon as I reached the other side, I persuaded both horses into a gallop. We had more than one-half mile to run to the foot of the mountain. When we reached the woods and had gone a short distance I overtook a small negro boy riding behind some cattle trying to get them to a

place of safety. The little negro was crying with all his might and the tears streaming down his face. His master was off on the flank trying to keep the cattle up in the mountain road. I asked the boy what was the matter. He burst out afresh and said, "I wish to God I was in the woods som'whar." I couldn't help but laugh, because the forest was absolutely so dense around us. We went a round-about way, but we got into Warm Springs about two and one-half hours after the Command.

Mr. Mayo, the proprietor of the Warm Springs Hotel, was very much alarmed, when Gen. W. L. Jackson declined to stop and fight at Warm Springs. The General told him his force was not equal to that of the enemy and he would be obliged to go on.

There were about 4,500 of the Federals and 1,800 of us.

We crossed the Warm Spring Mountain just in front of the enemy, though they did not follow farther than the towns of Warm Springs and Germantown. We camped on the east side of the mountain that night. The next morning the General decided to cross the mountain and drive the enemy out of the Springs.

The first detachment that went over the mountain was commanded by Col. Will Arnett. When we reached the west side of the mountain we turned into a small field.

Hunting for the Enemy

Presently volunteers were called for to go down into Warm Springs and Germantown and see if the enemy were still there. When no one responded, old

Gen. Wiley got up from the ground and said, "I don't think I am too old to go in the advance and find out." Instantly a number of us volunteered to go. I was among the number, and seven of us went forward. We were more afraid of an ambush. However, the Federals had vacated the towns. We followed them almost to Hot Springs, about four miles from the Warm Springs. They felled a good many trees across the road to hinder the pursuit.

After following them four miles we turned back and reported to the command, which had now moved forward and camped at the Springs.

Dr. McChesney lived at Germantown. When we, the scouts or advance, followed close after the Federals, as they went out of town, nearly all the women and children were out in the streets, shouting and laughing and rejoicing. When we were nearly opposite the McChesney home, Mrs. McChesney came out into the street in front of us shouting and throwing her baby up and catching it in her hands.

She was the mother of about six children. She was about 38 years old and I have often thought the handsomest woman of her age I have even seen. She was the daughter of a celebrated family in Southwest Virginia by the name of Moffett.

General Jackson was ordered to move that evening to the Gatewood farm on Buck Creek to get in front of the Federal General who was being pursued by McCauslands brigade. Our command for some reason unknown to us did not march until six hours later. Had we gotten the position we were expected to take at Gatewood's and with McCausland pressing them in the rear,

there is no doubt but that a great part of Averills army, with his Artillery and wagon train, would have fallen into our hands.

As it was we arrived at Gatewood in less than an hour after Averill's rear passed and about the time we arrived McCausland came up. I have never heard the matter explained and there was doubtless a good reason for our not moving on, but we always believed that, notwithstanding the fact that the Federal army was much larger and better equipped than Jackson and McCausland, his command would have fallen into our hands, after a sharp struggle, maybe, but, we felt that we could have done it.

Anything to Get Grub

A rather funny incident occurred the morning after we had crossed over Warm Spring mountain and some days before the march to Gatewoods. We did not receive orders to camp until about 9:30 P. M. and then found there was nothing to eat for either man or horse. I walked about a mile and a half to get a couple of sheafs of oats for my horse, then I lay down and slept without anything to eat. The next morning we had nothing to eat, but Lieut. Boggs came around where Charley Martin and I were standing, boasting that he had just enjoyed a good breakfast over at the house, pointing at a large farm house near, owned by a widow lady. Boggs said he represented himself as Colonel someone, I have forgotten who, and he made an impression on the widow. She gave him a good breakfast and he was invited to return. Charley Mar-

tin and I were hungry and we went over to the house and insisted on seeing the widow. Martin very gravely introduced me as Maj. Cammack and I introduced him as Lieut. Martin. I asked the lady if a large man in good uniform had been there that morning representing himself as a Col. and getting his breakfast. I told her I was very sorry that one of our young Lieut's should act so dishonorably and that I should have him punished. The lady was very indignant at the imposition practiced on her by Boggs. She finally thought of her duty as hostess to us and invited us to breakfast. After we had partaken heartily we were invited to come back whenever we could and eat with her again.

We took our leave with many regrets and went back to camp and told Boggs.

Battle of Droop Mountain

The battle of Droop Mountain took place shortly after this. I had been ordered to Richmond, Virginia to recruit and to bring out the men to Jackson's brigade. The command moved to Droop Mountain, had the engagement, and had returned to Buck Creek, while I was away in Richmond.

Soon after this time, as I remember it was near the first of December, 1863, my health became bad again and the surgeon of our Brigade insisted that I should go as far east as Richmond, Virginia, and join myself to some command there and remain through the winter. I am continually worried by a failure to remember interesting dates and names of people in writing these reminiscences, but, sometimes I cannot remember occur-

rences during a period of as much as two or three months, and then I have only very hazy recollections of happenings during this period.

I kept no notes nor diary at all during the war. Now after fifty years have gone by I find I can only remember a part of the stirring things that occurred from sixty-one to sixty-five and I am very sorry that I did not write of these things soon after the war, when they were fresh in my mind.

I went to Fluvanna County, Virginia, to Uncle Peter Manley's sometime in December, 1863. On the 1st day of January, 1864, I got into Richmond early in the morning, landing there on a James river canal boat. For many years this first day of January, '64, was spoken of as the coldest day Richmond ever had.

Around Richmond

I do not know what the strength of our army was that defended Richmond at that time. But the enemy were not investing the city as they did later in the year.

At this time Gen. Braxton Bragg, had command of the Department of Richmond, which I suppose included Drewrys Bluff, and Chaffins Bluff, two strongly fortified places on the James river.

We had a line of fortifications running around the city beginning three miles from the city on the west at the river and running a few miles out, entirely encompassing the city and going into the river just below Chaffins Bluff. This line of works was said to be thirty-five miles long. These earthworks were about

fifteen feet at the base and something like seven feet thick at the top, except at intervals of about three hundred yards. There were redoubts built, which were much thicker and occasionally forts built. These forts and redoubts, and all the fortifications in this inner line were built of heavy timber and filled with earth.

Every redoubt had guns mounted, the largest of these pieces were thirty-twos. When I came to Richmond the first day of January, 1864, I purposed to join Gen. Morgan, who was being lionized greatly at that time, he having recently made his escape from Camp Chase. His brother-in-law, Gen. Brazil Duke, was there also. I tried to join myself with Morgan's command, but as a matter of fact my health appeared to be so bad they were afraid to take me in.

Hence it was that I entered the service there in the Tenth Artillery doing service at that time around the whole interior line of fortifications. The Captain of my Company C, was a man by the name of Barlow. He was a fine looking soldier about 36 years old. He had a company of men numbering 130. I went into the mess in which his brother Jim Barlow, and his half brother, a man by the name of Sam Pollock, were members. There were only about six of us in the mess.

One of the first incidents that I remember after joining the company was when Capt. Barlow invited me to come to his quarters one evening. We talked about the field service and some occurrences in soldier experiences. During the conversation I was induced to make what I have always considered a bad break, or at best a very untimely remark. It was this. I told Barlow that the men in his command appeared as much afraid

of Lieutenants and Captains as other soldiers where I had been serving were of Generals. I saw at once that Captain Barlow did not like this remark. He was a strict disciplinarian and in fact a regular martinet, and was not willing that any soldier in his command should think of an officer other than as a great man that he must be entirely subservient to.

Barlow liked me as a soldier, but he disliked my rather free way of looking at Commissioned Officers. The Captain evidently had it in for me, and whenever he had an opportunity he made me remember it.

An Untimely Raid

One of the first bouts with the enemy was, I think, in February '64, Gen. Gilpatrick and Gen. Dahlgreen of the Federal Army conceived the brilliant idea of making a raid inside our lines and releasing all the prisoners confined at Belle Isle, and other prisons, then looting the city and possibly capturing it. Our authorities were not aware of this movement until the federal cavalry were actually within our lines. We were double quickened, acting as infantry about eight or nine miles, from below the city to the north west where we met the raiders.

I remember it was a very rainy night and at that season of the year not very warm. My shoes, which had been issued to me the day before this march, were made for the navy and were not sewed or pegged, but were put together with gum paste. Of course the slush and mud in which I was obliged to go soon caused them to come to pieces. The soles were gone, the uppers flapping about my ankles, but my feet in the mud.

This was anything but pleasant to me. We made a pretty good fire when we halted, but there was only one fire for the whole company and as a matter fact I did not get close to it at all.

The attack was made on the lines about two hours later and Gen. Dahlgreen was killed about three hundred yards to our left.

The raid made by the enemy was successfully repulsed. We were ordered back next morning about ten o'clock. I think it would have been hard to find a more wet, muddy and forlorn command than we were as we marched back that day to our camp. Some, like myself, were actually barefooted, dragging along through the mud and water.

Getting Shoes

I made a request for a pair of shoes that day, but Capt. Barlow said none would be issued me because I had just had a pair. The next day I was ordered on guard duty up the line about a mile. I refused to go unless shoes were issued to me or that I be sent in command of the guard. In the latter event I would have no sentry duty to perform. I was a little surprised to be soon ordered to this redoubt in command of the guard, but the shoes were again refused. During the afternoon of that day the Colonel in command came as was the custom to make an inspection of the redoubt. The Colonel rode up and after the salute by the sentry, he asked for the officer in command. I immediately stepped out of the hut, dressed as follows: I think I wore a home-made straw hat, I do not know what sort

of shirt, a pair of old grey trousers with one suspender and barefooted. I carried an Enfield rifle, which I very properly brought to a Present Arms. The Colonel returned the salute and said, "I want to see the officer in command of this redoubt." I kept my face perfectly straight and answered, "I have the honor sir, to be in command here." I could see that he was very amused at my appearance as an officer, but we went through with the inspection, the Colonel remaining as dignified as only an Old Army officer knows how to be.

When the inspection was over, the Colonel saluted and started away. I stopped him and said I had a small matter to talk about. He graciously gave me permission to talk and I explained my appearing before him barefooted, because my Captain declined to issue me a pair of shoes. The Colonel did not interrupt until I was through, he then said "I will see, sir, that the shoes are issued to you."

I went down to Camp for a few minutes during the day and met the Captain. He had already heard of the matter and had been directed to issue me a pair of shoes. He said, "D—— it all, I hear you have been talking to the Colonel!" I said, "Yes, I have explained the matter to the Colonel and I think I will get the shoes." I got the shoes alright, but Capt. Barlow, did not get in a good humor with me.

When I joined the company of Capt. Barlow, there was a verbal agreement that I should be transferred to the Cavalry and field service when the winter had passed. When the spring time came, I very naturally wanted to go back to the army in the valley or fronting

Western Virginia. This notion was opposed by Capt. Barlow. Then I found a good man to put in my place, who was a member of the 10th Virginia Cavalry and whose home was near Richmond. This, also, Barlow refused, although the soldier was a first-class one. Barlow then told me plainly that "He'd be D——d if he intended to let me go out of his Company."

From that time on there was much dislike between us. I was very careful to give him no opportunity to use his authority against me. We had a little scrap of words one day and I told him that he might watch as closely as he pleased, but that he would never have a good reason for putting me in the guard house, or punishing me in any way. I think he watched for an opportunity to humiliate me in some way, but never found it. On one occasion though, he made the most of what he thought was a good chance at me. It was at inspection of Arms. This usually occurred just after Roll Call, early in the morning. There was about the full number, 130 present and the Captain in going through inspection examined my gun critically. After it was over, he stood in front of the Company and ordered a man by the name of Hubbard and myself to step three paces to the front. We did so and then he ordered us back to our quarters and to clean our guns. As a matter of fact my gun was clean but it was a bronzed barrel. I had traded my rifle to one of the company because the bronzed barrel did not need much rubbing. Of course Capt. Barlow knew my gun was clean, but all the Company could not know it and he intended the orders he gave as a reflection on me.

Another Effort

Sometime in February or March the enemy in our front, near Mechanicsville made an effort to break through our lines at that point and get into the city. Gen. Braxton Bragg, who was in command of the department of Richmond at that time, brought his forces from several points on the interior lines where they could be spared and hurried them to the point on the Mechanicsville road. The engagement was of short duration, and the Federals were driven back.

A rather queer incident occurred on this quick march. We had two men in our company, Haskin Brothers, one of them was an excellent soldier, but the other was not. On the march referred to we were within about seven hundred yards of the firing line, when one of these brothers took a violent pain in his stomach and laid down on the side of the road. A number of us tried to get him to go on but he would not. Awhile after this we were hurrying down to Malvern Hill at night, having been ordered to move quickly. This man fell out of ranks and we soon heard the report of a musket and on investigating the case found that he had placed the muzzle of his rifle against the toe of his shoe nearly severing one toe on his foot and cutting his big toe badly. He said that he was cleaning his gun at the time and that it went off accidentally. Farther on I will mention one more incident in regard to this man.

Several gun boats had come up the river to Malvern Hill and landed some troops. Gen. Ewell with a portion of Anderson's division and some other troops

went down in a hurry to meet them. About five of the gun boats got our range about sundown and we held the hill until about three-fourths of an hour after dusk, when we were compelled to retire toward our breast works. While at Malvern Hill, we were probably eight miles from our lines. Soon after we were ordered back, we were halted and ordered not to fall out of ranks. We were all nearly tired to death, but some fellow and myself decided that we would drop out of ranks and slip into some heavy pine timber through which the road ran and get a good rest on the heavy bed of pine needles that covered all the ground. We slipped out of ranks alright and went into the timber a couple of hundred yards and were just about to lay down, when several shells came over very close to us and tore into the trees, cutting the whole tops out of the trees and letting them down so near us we were afraid we would be killed. These shells thrown at us, were called by us "nail kegs", because they were about as large as nail kegs, and 18 or 20 inches long. We decided we would get out and move on, which we did, overtaking the command several miles further on.

Now I don't imagine that the Federal gunners knew that my comrade and I were in that timber, but they knew that our little army was passing through on the road and they succeeded in making it very unpleasant for us and we moved briskly to get out of the way.

While we were camped below Richmond, we were very close to a large and beautiful plantation of an old friend of the Hon. John Minor Botts, who lived near Charlestown, Virginia. I knew this man very

well. He became very much opposed to the Confederate Government and had frequent cases of trouble with them. I have always thought that if the Confederate Government had treated Francis Stearns more kindly he would have been united to the cause with hooks of steel. One incident occurring before I knew him helps to confirm this opinion.

Francis Stearns

Early in the war a Cavalry Company was organized at Richmond and Mr. Stearns invited the whole company and their families to banquet with him in his beautiful home. The invitation was accepted and the company, one hundred strong, came. Now there was a servant who stood in front of every horse and took them and fed them. The mothers and sisters of these men were also invited. Two great tables had been prepared, one for the ladies, presided over by Mrs. Stearns and the other for the men, where Mr. Stearns made a speech, commending the men for their patriotic response to the call of their country. Among other things he said was that "No soldier should ever pass his gate hungry, during the war." The State and confederate States as well, seem to have resented the intimate friendship between Mr. Stearns and John Minor Botts, probably because Botts had stood with all of his power against the state of Virginia in the matter secession. Stearns was a fiery man and when he thought the government had him somewhat under suspicion, he got angry and allowed them to think the worst of him.

He was arrested and imprisoned for disloyalty to Virginia.

I have good reason to think that if he was an enemy, that he became one through unjust suspicion and ill treatment.

The summer of '64 was made up of drilling, roll calls and quick marches from one point to another along our tremendously long front.

Grant Fails

I think it was in June of that year that Gen. Grant tiring of his attempts to take Richmond from the north side, instituted his daring effort by the left flank march, after the battle of the wilderness. The intention of the Federal General was to cross the river some twenty miles below Richmond, but constantly as he moved by the left flank, he found Lee's army in his front. Finally a very bloody battle was fought at Cold Harbor, northeast of Richmond. I think that scarcely any battle of the war was more bloody. Grant had force enough to withstand his dreadful losses there, and in a few days he took up his line of march again for the front of Petersburg. There was only a small force of men occupying the interior line of defense around Richmond during '63 and until after the battle of Cold Harbor in '64.

During the whole of eighteen hundred and sixty four, my command was in front of Richmond. When the many scouts and spies located here and there, at different points discovered that the enemy proposed breaking through, then we were sent there. As the head of

Grant's column reached the James River and was preparing to cross and invest Petersburg, our command was hurried to a point about four miles from the river, but when we got there the enemy's camp fires were smoking, they having just cooked three days rations and moved toward the river.

I think that Gen. Lee would have preferred for Grant to cross the river, rather than to have fought another general engagement at that time.

Desertions

Our army was fearfully reduced by the casualties of the many battles they had fought that year and with sickness, captures and desertion. I am sorry to say that desertion constituted a very serious loss to the army of northern Virginia. If the loss by desertion had been altogether of the worthless fellows in the army, we could have stood it better but, as a matter of fact, very many excellent soldiers received letters from their homes and received reports of the suffering and privations of their families until their patriotism became entirely overshadowed by the love they bore their families. A large number of such men as these took "French leave", never returning. Some of the men who ran away from the army and went to their homes saw to their families the best they could and returned to the army.

From what little history I know, my conviction is that the best army the whole world has ever seen was the Confederate Army. A very large number of the men were intelligent and refined. In almost every

company there could have been found a number of privates entirely equal to and often superior to the man who commanded them. I have the opinion that this army was as well disciplined for fighting purposes as any that ever existed. There were men in it from every walk of life and yet the whole of them bore the worst privations and hardships including hunger and cold as if they enjoyed it.

After the war I lived awhile at Marietta, Ohio. Several people wanting to make me feel comfortable said, "We don't blame you, we know that you had to go in the army and could not help it."

I was obliged to tell them to not waste any sympathy on me, that I went into this army because I wanted to and that I never saw the day I couldn't have gotten away if I had wanted to.

Libby Prison

We did guard duty for about six or eight weeks at Libby Prison, Libby No. 2 and at Castle Thunder. I was also at Belle Island one night.

I will explain that at Libby Prison, Union officers alone were kept. I do not know how many were there at any one time, but probably as many as 1,200. They were as comfortably fixed as they would have been in quarters arranged by themselves. The building was an old tobacco factory, two stories high, with a basement, or cellar underneath. The building was about three hundred and fifty feet long. It fronted on Canal Street and on Cary Street.

I was ordered into the two floors of this officers building several times, when they would refuse to at-

tend roll call. I talked to a good many of them. They did not complain of the fare, only as to its cheapness. I have seen several bushels of corn bread at a time, thrown out of the windows of that second floor, and as you have seen hogs grabbing corn thrown to them, so I have seen children of the city, white and black, watching for the throwing out of this bread, so they could grab it as pigs rush and grab ears of corn when they are being fed.

Libby number two, was a prison, also a tobacco factory, where sometimes about 900 men were kept.

The Irish Beat Me

Two rather amusing things occurred here. One was a case in which I was one of the actors. I was sentinel at one end of this building. By some means a large hole had been made in the brick work and the prisoners would frequently come to that hole and talk to us. One night I was on guard duty at that point and I heard a rich Irish voice "Sentinel, Sentinel," I answered him, going up close to the hole. He said, "I want to trade you a new all-wool navy blue shirt for some wheat bread." Well we dickered some and I agreed to give him so many loaves. I could not deliver the bread until I could go up town and buy it. but on my next turn of duty, I would deliver it and get the shirt. I bought his seven loaves, paying, I think 30 cents per loaf for it. When I went to exchange the bread for the shirt, I said, "Now remember, I won't have an old shirt." Then he swore that this shirt had never been on a man's back. "Now," said

he, "You take hold of part of the shirt and give me hold of part of the bread package." This I did and then he let go of the shirt and I of the bread at the same time and the trade was made. The trouble about this matter came a little later. I stuffed my newly acquired, clean, navy-blue shirt into the bosom of my overcoat and, when relief came, I hurried back to the guard house and lay down to sleep. I was very uncomfortable and when daylight came, I found that my fine Irish friend had allowed me to have an old worn out blue shirt that had probably never been washed and was full of lice. It is needless to say that this old shirt had filled my clothing, not with gray-backs, but with the worst breed of blue-backs.

The other incident I think of took place at this same prison. The guard room was directly under one of the prison rooms. The ceiling in the guard room was about 13½ feet high: In the middle of the guard room was a trap door, about 3x3½ feet wide in the ceiling, opening into the prisoners room. One of our men traded something, I don't remember what, to a Yankee up there for a blanket. Our fellow stood on a table and reached up catching hold of the end of the blanket. The fellow reached down and got hold of whatever was being traded him and then shouted, "hoist away". Three or four Yankees were holding onto the blanket up there and at the word they pulled away with a will. Our man, Gilman, had wrapped the end of the blanket around his wrist so that he couldn't let go very quickly, when his head struck the ceiling it was with considerable force, he let go of the end of the blanket and dropped to the floor. He was hurt

right much and lost out in the trade. He had been badly used by the prisoners but he could not complain because it was a violation of the military rules for him to even answer a question asked by a prisoner, much less to have a trade with one of them.

The Famous Libby Canal

It was in Libby Prison that the famous tunnel was cut, which allowed the escape of a large number of Union officers. The building stood on a corner. They seemed to have had easy access into the cellar of the prison and no one has ever told how long they were engaged in digging the tunnel. There could only one dig at a time and he would bring the dirt out in his pockets and scatter it, or more probably hide it in a dark corner of the cellar. It was said to have been an excellent piece of engineering skill. The tunnel, large enough to admit a man's body, went down below and under the foundation of the prison, then east under the sidewalk, then under the street and out into a stall in a livery stable. I do not remember how many escaped, but I think about 270, nearly all of them were captured and returned to prison.

I was fortunate in knowing a man at Libby prison, who was a very fine cook, and he had charge of the kitchen in the preparation of the meals for Capt. Turner and other officers of the prison. His name was Jesse Walker. He married a cousin of mine and was detailed from the 44th Virginia to this service. Jesse gave me very many good meals at their table during my service in front of Richmond in 1864.

President Davis

I remember a very exciting thing that occurred in front of the prison one day. Pres. Davis, went down on a vessel from Rockets to some point below to examine the river defenses and when he returned he got off the boat and walked up to his residence. He was alone and he came up Canal Street by the prison. When he stepped up on the sidewalk at the lower end of the building one of the sentinels posted on the walk to prevent people from walking close to the windows, halted him and directed him to walk in the street. Mr. Davis seems to have not known about the order to keep in the street and he was quite indignant at the man ordering him out of the way, telling him that he was Mr. Davis, President of the Confederacy. The sentinel still refused to let him pass and Mr. Davis always carried a sword cane. He was so angry that he sprung the sword and lunged at the man. The man was not sure that he was the President, but he feared that he was. He backed away from him and called the Officer of the Guard, who came running and had the sentry taken to Castle Thunder, which was the place where our own political prisoners and all spies were incarcerated.

Mr. Davis, was unreasoning in his anger at the man who obeyed his orders to keep everyone off the sidewalk at the prison. I think the sentinel would have been court martialed, but when the news of this outrage reached our camp a large body of our men rebelled and were going up to attack Castle Thunder and take the man out. When this news came to the authorities some of them hastily looked into the matter and called

on the President and had the man released, thus ending a very unpleasant matter that bid fair to have a bloody ending.

We had a man by the name of St. John, son of Bishop St. John of the Episcopal church in Richmond. This young man was a very clever bright young man and a good soldier, but he was dreadfully afflicted with chronic diarrhoea. Up to almost the last of 1864 he was still a victim of the disease.

I knew one man in this company who actually died of the "itch". This ailment is often laughed at by those who do not know how serious it may become. I had it a number of times myself and I have known scores of men who were sufferers from it. Once I got some mercurial salve and rubbed all over me. I got well soon after this, but I have known of men dying from the use of this ointment and then taking cold.

During the summer of '64, we were hard put to it in getting enough to eat. In my mess there were six of us. Wm. Barlow, brother of the Captain of our Company and Tom Pollock, half brother of the Barlows, and three other men whose names have been forgotten. I remember we went down to the fields of Francis Stearns and gleaned after the wheat harvest and dried the heads of wheat on our blankets, then rubbed them in our hands blowing the chaff away. We thus gathered $11\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat which we carried to a little water mill up the line and had it ground. We baked hot cakes with all the bran in it. We could not afford to lose any part of it.

One of our mess was a man of great appetite. He was never known to have enough. We were compelled

in self defense, to divide the bread into as many parts as there was members in the mess so that we might share equally. We brought pumpkins up after night and put them in our tent, using them sparingly.

Slim "Picking"

The coffee berry was not to be had from the Commissary except at long intervals. During this year there was three months from one issuance of coffee to the next, and then I counted the grains received for three days ration and found just thirty two (32) grains. We would get meat issued but about once in from two to three months. I have paid one dollar for a cold sweet potato.

Our menu generally consisted of one-half pint of blackeyed peas, one gill of very weak sorghum and one pint of cornmeal unsifted and notwithstanding all of this, we, that is our company, seldom lost a man by desertion.

We had a man by the name of Abinoe that deserted. He was a sharp, shrewd fellow, lazy and a natural born liar, if there ever was any such person. On one charge or another he spent about half of his time in the guard house.

Close Together

Along in October, '64, the Federal lines and ours were about two hundred and twenty-five yards apart and there was an agreement that if a man from either side got more than one-half the distance between the lines he must not be fired on. One morning Abinoe

was on duty as a picket. He picked up a paper and climbed out of the rifle pit and said that he believed that he would go out there and trade papers. No one objected and when he got half way between the lines he sprinted, and before anyone could shoot he was so close to the enemy's line that he went in safely.

One other case of desertion came to my notice in this immediate part of our line. In this case about seven men and a Lieut. were involved. These men were all on the picket line one dark night and I suppose had persuaded themselves that this was the best opportunity they would ever have to go to the Yankees. They started about 2:30 A. M. but had forgotten that our line made a sharp turn not far from where they started, so instead of walking into the enemy's lines as they had expected to do, they walked over and were received into the Confederate lines. The case was so clear against them that they made no denial nor defense. They were executed as soon as the formality of a court martial could be gone through with next day.

While we were at this camp I went over to Mr. Franklin Stearns one day, hoping to get some fresh buttermilk. Mr Stearns was out on the porch and he was very clever to me and invited me in and I talked with him for half an hour. He urged me to come back and see him, which I did many times. John Minor Botts, the Congressman, was a particular friend of his and he was full of the opinions so often expressed by that statesman, in opposition to State Rights, Southern Rights and Secession, and it seemed to me every principle that Virginia stood for.

One day, when we were talking about State Rights, and I had given that as a reason for the South going

into war, Mr. Stearns said, "D—— State Rights, I am going to send my boys to Europe as fast as they become old enough to go into the Army."

Mr. Stearns became very objectionable to the Government and on account of some of his utterances and acts, he was arrested and put in prison as a disloyal Southern man. He got out of prison, but was very much embittered against the Confederate Government. From what I know of him I think that he could have been retained as a warm and useful friend of the South had it not been for some illadvised things said and done by some ultra Southern men, who were not friendly to Mr. Stearns. He was a very rich man.

The interior lines around Richmond were about thirty-five miles long and after General Grant made his famous flank movement to the left and crossed Petersburg, we had very few troops on the north side, except those on this interior line. Often we had a very thin line protecting Richmond. I have known our forces reduced to not more than one thousand to the mile. We had redoubts thrown up at intervals of about eight hundred yards along this line, mounted heavy with guns, especially on the east and south.

We had been hurriedly called out of this interior line one day and sent down on the Charles city road where we had some artillery to meet the enemy who were about to enter the city at that point.

It happened that while we were in line not far from the Rockbridge Battery, I saw a group of officers on their horses close to us. I drew a little nearer and recognized Gen. R. E. Lee, President Davis and Gen. Lawton. There were a number of other officers also.

A few minutes afterwards an orderly galloped up to Gen. Lee and saluting said, "The Colonel sends his compliments to Gen. Lee and says he does not need any infantry to support his battery."

The Rockbridge Battery was one of the most famous organizations in the army and the same battery that Bob Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee belonged as a private.

It was not often the case that a battery of Artillery felt so able to take care of themselves that they could afford to decline the Infantry support offered them.

Dr. Mary Walker

During this year of 1864, our command was helping guard the prisoners in Richmond. I think I have mentioned this before, but there comes to me now an incident that I will relate. One morning I was sent to Castle Thunder, a prison in which spies, deserters and disloyal southern people were kept. Soon after going on duty I passed the door of a prisoner, a comely looking young woman, that was not very striking in appearance, except that she was dressed oddly. She wore a bloomer costume. She told me her name was Miss Dr. Mary E. Walker. She had been arrested as a spy. I do not know how soon she got out of prison. I saw her on the street guarded by a policeman, who had taken her to the Provost Marshals office. He was very much ashamed to be seen on the street with her, when she had such a peculiar dress. Everybody guyed him a great deal.

Volunteers

One evening about the middle of September, our company was ordered into line and we were told that eight volunteers were wanted from this company. No other explanation was given. I do not know how many responded, but I happened to be one of the men.

We immediately got ready and marched to Rockets, the steam boat landing, where we went on board a boat with several hundred men. None of us knew where we were going.

The river had boats sunk here and there and mines laid to prevent the enemy's vessels from coming up, but our pilot understood the river route alright and about two o'clock, we landed opposite Dutch Gap Canal at Signal Hill. Gen. Butler was cutting a canal through the bend, which would shorten the distance twenty or more miles. There were about 400 of us sent to this point to build bomb proofs, to prevent Butler from carrying out his purpose.

We were constantly under the fire of his guns for a good many days and nights and all the time we were there one-half of the command worked on the bomb-proofs while the other half stood in line with our guns ready for action.

At night I think we placed a guard and got what sleep we could. The great noise of the big guns firing over and around us was not easy to sleep through, although we got used to it.

This 400 men was made up of volunteers from probably sixty different commands. The officer in charge was a Major, I cannot recall his name. He was

a man about thirty-five years old, but not a pleasant person at all. He was very overbearing and was much disliked among the men.

One morning about four o'clock we were all aroused and drew three day's rations and began a hurried march back toward the city. After marching several miles in the direction of Fort Harrison, which was just outside of our interior lines, and on a small hill, we found that the enemy had followed us with a large army corps.

The Battle of Fort Harrison, Sept 29

We hurried along, feeling that Fort Harrison would be a good place in case of a fight.

Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, now only about 350 men, having been badly used up during the summer by fighting and sickness, covered our rear. We entered the Fort which had about seven thirty-two pound guns mounted and some smaller pieces. By the time we entered the Fort the enemy's sharpshooters were within less than three hundred yards of the walls. The men who were in charge of the Fort that morning were a mere handful and when they saw Gen. Howard's corps crossing the plain behind the few of us in front of Johnson, they left their guns and nearly all the men went in the direction of Richmond.

Soon after we had taken position in the Fort and commenced firing, the enemy formed several brigades, four lines deep and made a tremendous attack on the left wing of the Fort. The fighting was dreadful. We got most of the guns manned, but not all of them got

into action, because we did not have enough men who understood handling those big guns to work on them.

I suppose we held the place about forty-five minutes.

We had, in the beginning of the fight, about six hundred and sixty men, including the remnant of Bushrod Johnson's brigade. Johnson's men were few in number and were almost exhausted when they reached the Fort.

The enemy finally captured the right wing of our Fort, thus driving us farther left. When we first came into the fight, I was carrying our bacon strung in small strips, like fish are carried. I threw it over on the parapet and we went to loading and shooting as fast as we could. When we were ordered to the left, Tom Pollard, my mess-mate, grabbed the meat and brought it along. I did not think of it.

When we were in position over on the left, Tom said to me, "Mac, what in the name of God will I do with the meat?" I said to him: "To the devil with the meat, throw it in that shanty behind us. If we ever get out of this, we can get it and if we do not, we won't need it."

The enemy came up to within about seventy-five yards of the parapet and I think they did not gain a yard for about ten minutes, but, there were too many. We could not hold nor drive them back. I was standing where there was an opening in the wall to let artillery in, and out of the fort. I knew it was not a pleasant place for me, but in the excitement and confusion of the night, I thought of nothing else to do than to stay there. About that time I heard some extra loud shout-

ing and looking to my right I saw a color bearer with a number of his comrades on top of the fort about fifty feet from me. The man was jabbing the staff in the earth, trying to plant the standard. I fired at him as he was jabbing the staff in the ground. He fell forward on his knees and then backward. Two other men told me they fired at that color bearer at the same moment that I did. I never knew to a certainty that I ever shot and killed anyone during the war.

The Major of whom I spoke above as having command at Signal Hill, was killed in this action. Col. Hughes took command. When the first Federal line was about thirty feet outside the parapet from where I was standing, Col. Hughes spurred his horse across this military road and almost into their line and emptied his revolver in their faces. As he reined the horse back they were grabbing at his horses bridle. Then he turned the animal and was jumping him across this military road. While the horse was making the leap he was shot and fell. The rider must have fallen fifteen feet. In the meantime I had started to the rear and as I ran past the Col., who had just fallen, I glanced down at him and at that moment he jumped up and we ran off together. Of course the Federals streamed into the place, many, many thousands of them.

Too Much For Us

As I ran off Tom Pollard called at me to not run so fast, he was lame and could not keep up. I glanced over my shoulder and told Tom I was sorry for him, but I didn't have time to stop. Some of these

big thirty-twos and fours had been loaded before the cannoniers were driven off and the Yankees turned them on us. I confess that the worst fear I had at that time was being shot in the back with some of that grape or canister.

We had about 650 men in the Fort, and we were attacked by something over 16,000 men. We only carried about fifty men out of the fight, the others were killed, wounded and captured.

There was a line of rifle pits from the interior line toward the river at Chafins Bluff. Those rifle pits started from the line about six hundred yards above Fort Harrison. I stopped at this place and with the help of a Lieut. from Georgia, succeeded in rallying a lot of the soldiers who had been driven from the Fort and the line at other points. I suppose we had close to 150 men together, when Gen. Ervel appeared and ordered us to go into Fort Davis, a redoubt not far from us. He said he would have 15,000 men there in twenty minutes and we must hold the line until they came. We rushed in there and found about 200 men and six pieces of light artillery. Just as we were entering the redoubts I looked over toward Richmond and saw about three batteries of artillery coming. In the meantime the enemy had extended their lines to the right and had opened fire on our redoubt. Gen. Howard concentrated twenty-four pieces of artillery on that redoubt. The Infantry, only a few hundred men, used all the cartridges we had and some of the men ran to the rear to ordnance wagons and brought ammunition in their handkerchiefs.

During this fight I saw every man at the guns go down. The one man who did not fall, the gunner,

loaded and fired three times himself. We were ordered to fix bayonets to prevent the enemy from taking the redoubt. We were then firing on second shell. They were so close that one of our men jumped on the parapet and shouted to a lot of men that had gotten up close to the walls to "throw down their guns and come in." 190 Federals did so.

Wounded

About this time the man commanding the redoubt climbed up a post about midway of the redoubt. A cannon ball struck him a side swipe across the back and he fell to the ground. Before doing so he shouted, "Don't give up the Fort!" Four men picked up the man and started to the rear and three of them were shot and they let the body drop. I never knew anything more about the man, but suppose that he died. About this time I was wounded. I happened to be hit on a finger with a bullet and on the right hip with a piece of shell. The wound in my hand was slight, that in the hip was serious. I was just behind the parapet, two feet high, had my gun raised to fire, my finger on the trigger, but at that moment a shell hit the ground on the parapet about three feet from me and exploded, one piece hitting me in the right hip and making a wound about three inches long and just scraping the bone. That side of me was instantly paralyzed and pretty soon I sank to the ground. Lieut. Hunter, whom I knew very well, saw me go down and he ran to me and said, "Mac, are you hurt?" I said that I thought I was done for, because I thought I had been hit by a minnie and it had gone clear through

me. Turner undid the waistbands of my pants and examined the wound and said that I was worth several dead men yet, that I was hurt by a piece of shell. I was greatly relieved at finding I had been hit by a piece of shell instead of a bullet going through me.

Just before this I saw a horse hit three times by as many shells before he hit the ground. The evening before this fight, Gen. Lee was out-generaled by Gen. Grant. On what he thought was trustworthy information (that Gen. Grant would attack Petersburg) Lee moved thirty-five thousand men over to the south side. As a matter of fact Grant had planned an attack on the north side from Signal Hill.

I think Grant came very nearly being successful in getting into Richmond that day. Late in the afternoon of this day, reinforcements sufficient to hold the line came up and we held nearly all the interior lines east of Harrison, though the Federals made a fierce and prolonged effort to capture the Stockade Fort, one-third of a mile east of where I was wounded. The Federals used troops for the most part at the Stockade Fort and a large number of them were killed in their efforts to break inside the enclosure. For the most part they were killed in the moat, but the bodies of the others were thrown in the moat and dirt shoveled over to cover them. Two or three months after that I noticed some of the skulls of these men lying about on the ground in that neighborhood.

I was sent that evening out with the guards to take prisoners up to Richmond.

I was very lame but using my gun as a staff, I got up to a point opposite our camp about six miles

from the city and I was sent over to the old camp where a few of our sick men were left when we were sent away. The surgeon came in that night and dressed my wound, the first attention that I had. I think the piece of shell that hit me had torn and taken away out of my pants and drawers pieces of cloth as large as my hand. I was unable for duty for about twelve days.

Getting Very Bad

After we left the lines that day with the prisoners, I was hobbling along close to one of them, (they were marching in fours) when some one reached around my shoulders and caught the canteen strap that was around the neck of the prisoner next to whom I was walking. He being startled cried out. Turning I saw a soldier trying to take the strap from around his neck. I brought my gun to a charge bayonet and told the fellow if he didn't let go of that strap I would run my bayonet in him. He dropped his grasp of the strap and ran on ahead of us. I was greatly surprised a few minutes later to find that this fellow was a Captain and was in command of the guard over the prisoners. I supposed when I heard that he was the officer in command that I would get into trouble for what I had done, but I heard nothing more about it afterwards. I have always been glad that he was not an officer in a Virginia command. We stopped on the way to rest and the prisoner whom I had befriended opened his haversack and gave me a lunch of bread and boiled ham. I had not tasted food since the day before and was very hungry.

We were badly put to it while I was laying around up at the camp, for something to eat. As I remember, there was five or six sick sick or crippled up men. One of the boys got a beefs head and I furnished the pump-kin. I think the stuff was boiled a good many hours. I did not think it tasted good or was clean for that matter, but this kind of food was better than nothing.

Fort Harrison having fallen into the hands of the enemy on September, 29th, it became necessary to build a fortification on the west, parallel with that and about three hundred yards from it. Shortly after this we had a terrible artillery duel one day. We opened some of our light battery guns and about 25 mortars on the line and Fort in front of us. We never knew what their losses were, but although they opened a large number of guns on us the execution was not very great. I have never heard any greater noise made by guns than that day.

It would have been foolish on our part to storm the place because it had a moat in front of it and an abattis in front of that and then small bombs very thickly planted in front of the abattis rendering the place almost invincible.

Refined Cruelty

The Captain of my company, knowing that the artillery duel was coming off that day, sent two guards up to the old camp and brought down a man confined there in the guardhouse. His name was Haskins, the man I have already referred to as firing his gun between his toes and nearly severing one of them. The Captain

had him brought down to enjoy the noise of the guns. A good many of us thought it was a refinement of cruelty. The man could not stand gun fire, although he had a brother in our company who was as good a soldier as we had.

The days dragged on slowly into winter. Most of the land down in that section had been covered with a thick growth of pine, little and big. The ground was all cut over for firewood and for fortification timber.

The wagon hauling out wood used to come along in the morning and throw off five or six pieces to the mess, which had to last twenty-four hours. We were not very particular about the cooking because there was not much of this to do. But in rainy weather and when the weather was cold, this green, wet pine wood made little else than smoke, and we nearly froze.

I was detailed for a time in the Engineer Corps, cutting and carrying timber for fortifications. This was exceedingly hard labor, but it was preferable to laying along the wet and muddy lines and doing camp and picket duty.

In Close Contact

Along this part of our front, we were less than two hundred and fifty yards apart. One morning one of the negro soldiers across from us picked up his coffee pot from the fire, in plain view of us and, pouring some good coffee into a tin cup, hallowed out, "wouldn't you sons of —— like to have some good coffee?" One of our fellows quickly raised his guns and fired, killing the negro.

This was strictly against orders. We were commanded not to fire into the enemy without orders lest we bring on a general engagement. The soldier who thus disobeyed orders was arrested and taken to Castle Thunder prison at once. I never knew what was further done with him. No general fight occurred on account of it. He said he wouldn't let any nigger talk to him that way. We had no better coffee than rye or corn meal would make and even such as this would make was scarce.

Daily Growing Worse

The situation of our army around Richmond and Petersburg was daily growing more difficult. With plenty of good food I think Gen. Lee could and would have maintained his lines around the two cities for a year or maybe two years longer without reinforcements, but the question of food supply had long been a live one, both among officers and men.

When November 1st came, we had practically but one railroad from which to get supplies, the one from Weldon, North Carolina. But it became more and more difficult for the quartermasters to ship sufficient supplies from the south. We had been really cut off from obtaining any supplies from over the Fredericksburg road, because the land had become almost barren from over culture and then from lack of culture. From the west over the Virginia Central, very little could be had. The land was so impoverished it would barely feed its sparsely inhabited people.

The Valley of Virginia had been and was being robbed of everything that would feed a crow, as the

Federal General put it. The South Side Railroad from Lynchburg might have brought the supplies, but they were not to be had. Inroads and raids had been made here and there from all points of the compass by the enemy. There was not enough supplies in the counties we controlled to feed the army.

Real hunger was felt by almost all our people. Sacrifices! Yes, greater than I have ever known were made by Southern women. It was a rare case too that any of them spoke ill of the government or wanted us to stop the war and submit.

Loyal Negroes

We had a vast number of negro people among us. Our women and children all over the South were not at all afraid of them. Nearly all of them stayed while men went to war. They worked hard on the farms and took care of the white folks. Very few cases of anything but loyalty to their masters ever occurred.

When the Federals came into a community, though, they had nearly all the servants leave home and go with them. I have known of a great many cases where the black men and women refused to leave their white folks, preferring to stay and work and take care of them.

Very often it was that Federal soldiers took negroes away from their homes, by force, saying that these darkies had been slaves so long they did not know any better than to stay slaves.

Many Federal soldiers honestly sympathized with the negroes when they saw them in these southern homes, and they believed if they would leave they would assert

themselves and be happy in knowing themselves to be free men.

While here I was detailed to work with the engineer force. A great many men were thus engaged. Our duty was to fell trees from six inches to twelve or sixteen inches in diameter, trim them up and carry them out to where the wagons could get them. Sometimes a cut would be taken out as long as forty-five or more feet. Enough men would get under the weight to carry it. These timbers were usually of pine, but sometimes of oak and ash timber. They were used in making fortifications. I remember the chief officer, under whom I served, directed that a certain man, a great big fellow, whose name I do not now remember, should carry with me. We used the handspike and were on opposite sides of the log. This fellow weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds and was a great boaster about his ability to lift. I weighed about one hundred and thirty-two. This fellow was very anxious to pull me down in the lifting and sometimes I saw lots of stars in daylight, but I was always on the watch and almost always succeeded in getting the long end of the handspike. In this way only, could I lift against this man. The fellow worried about the matter a good deal and believed me to be the strongest man for my weight that he had ever seen.

Our camp was in low ground between the fort and the river and as I remember we had a great deal of rain, and when November came in, we had chilly weather and an insufficient amount of wood for fire, and clothing and food to make us comfortable.

Camouflage

Our interior lines behind which we stood to protect Richmond were about thirty-five miles long. The Federals had in front of us, at times, about one hundred and seventy thousand men. Their force in front of Petersburg was about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. We resorted to double quickening our bands along the lines and to the making of fires and other things to leave the impression that we had a much larger number of troops than we actually had.

There was no time between October 15th and January, 1865 but that our lines might have been rushed in a hundred different places by the Federals with twenty-five thousand men and the city taken.

Gen. Lee and his Lieutenants handled the army in such a way that the enemy believed we had two or three times the force that we had. All this too on less than half rations. I have said that during the late fall of 1864 and during the remainder of the winter, our supplies for the army about Richmond and Petersburg were all too small because the enemy had succeeded in cutting practically all of our transportation from the south except by one railroad.

There were very frequent skirmishes along and around the lines on both sides of the river.

I have not attempted to give anything like a detailed account of the operations in front of Richmond during this year 1864, first because much of it could only be had by a lengthy looking up of authority for the official statements of occurrences and in the second place I am intending only to give, for the most part,

some little sketches of things that occurred that might not otherwise be told.

A Dark Christmas

I think that Christmas, 1864, in and about Richmond was both in the city and on the lines, about as devoid of comfort and cheer as any Christmas that Richmond ever experienced. The city was constantly menaced by an enemy of much greater force than we had. Then a very large number of people both in the army and in the city, had become greatly discouraged and felt that we would never win our independence as a nation. Almost everyone was hungry and did not have enough food to make them comfortable. Then, too, the army contained many thousands of men who knew that their families were suffering for food and they were only restrained by their patriotism from deserting the colors and going home. In addition to this, there were many thousands of non-combatants that could not have even one good meal in twenty-four hours. The fine Christmas dinner which the people had enjoyed, was impossible. The toys and candies, and scores of pleasant things that children always enjoyed, was impossible.

Colonel Street

In the first part of 1864, I made the acquaintance of a fine old gentleman from the state of Mississippi, by the name of Col. Street. President Davis and this man were very firm friends. Col. Street was Mayor of Vicksburg and Mr. Davis practiced law in his Court. There was an abiding friendship which lasted during

the lifetime of the President. I think it was in February, 1864 when I met Col. Street for the first time. Our liking was mutual, notwithstanding the difference in our ages. The Col. was probably about seventy-five years old at that time, full of life and vim, a celebrated lawyer, a great traveler, of very kindly heart and pleasing address. I felt a great liking for the man and also felt much honored when he invited me to his house for dinner and afterwards wanted that I would make his house my home. I think Col. Street refueged with about forty of his servants to Richmond in 1863. His wife was dead and I think he had no children living. Col. Street was a wise man and a statesman. It was said that he was the confidential advisor of the President. I often met him and always felt better for having known him.

Transferred

I have referred to the fact that I had made several applications for a transfer to another regiment engaged in service fronting north West Virginia. But in each case as I have above recounted, my application had been disapproved because the Captain of my company always disapproved of my getting a transfer. Late in 1864, being under the command of Maj. Gen. Custis Lee, and having some social acquaintance with him, I went over to his headquarters and advised with him about the matter. He was very kind and finding that Gen. Pemberton, the commander of the District of Richmond, had refused my application because Capt. Barlow had disapproved, he said that if he was in my

place he would write Gen. R. E. Lee, and explain the situation and he thought that would get it. This I did and my application was returned to the battalion approved, although Capt. Barlow had turned it down. I had certain evidence that my application had been returned with the approval of Gen. Lee, but the Maj. of my battalion and the Captain of my company decided they would not give it to me. I waited to hear from them for several days after I knew that the paper had come back from Gen. Lee, with his approval and then I decided to go, in spite of their withholding the paper.

Therefore on the seventh or the ninth of January, 1865, I asked for a twenty-four hour pass to go to Richmond. This was the longest time for which a pass could be obtained.

After reaching the city, I hunted up my friend Col. Street and told him I wanted a pass to go to Gordonsville and related the circumstances to him. He said that he would go with me. He took me to Gen. Winder's office. Winder was at that time Provost Marshall and in command of the city of Richmond. When we entered the office, Col. Street introduced me to an officer as his friend Maj. Cammack. He ordered that he give me a passport over the Virginia Central to Gordonsville. The officer was very clever and ordered it written at once. While this was being done he conversed with me very pleasantly and wished me a happy trip.

I bade Col. Street good bye about eleven o'clock and took the train at 17th and Main for Gordonsville, which I reached between two and three o'clock that afternoon.

I do not remember how far below Gordonsville in the direction of Orange Court house that I found my old Regiment, the 20th Cavalry, on the twenty-third of December. Previous to my arrival the brigade, or a considerable part of it, had an engagement with the enemy, known as the battle of Gordonsville. The officers and men of my regiment were glad to see me.

Rejoining My Regiment

I explained to Col. Arnett how it came about that I reported in the manner I did. He was very glad I had decided to come back to the regiment. Some days after this Capt. Barlow, sent a letter to Col. Arnett, asking if I was with his Regiment and requesting that I be sent back to Richmond. Col. Arnett answered him and said, "Yes, he is here and if you send for him you would best send as much as a brigade of soldiers if you expect to take him back."

Shortly after this our Regiment went to Hightown in Highland County to get feed for our horses and wait there for mounts, a great many of the men having lost their horses during the last campaign.

The animals we had were very poor and not able to carry us. There is probably no better place in this country for stock in winter, because the land is rich and particularly adapted to the growth of the finest blue grass I ever saw. When the ground is not covered deeply with snow in winter both cattle and horses can get an abundance of luscious green grass near the ground. This was a fine place to have our Cavalry horses in winter and particularly so because we could

get but very little grain to feed them. Rations for ourselves were hard to get and we did not have much variety of food.

One of the men and I went to a farm house looking for dinner one day. Finding that a widow lived with her little girl and two boys, ten and twelve years old, we proposed to cut up into firewood some trees near her house and in return we would want something to eat occasionally. This she readily agreed to give us. Well, my partner was a strong man and a good wood chopper, and as the lady had plenty to eat we fared sumptuously for a couple of weeks.

We had a young man in our command who was a bright, jolly fellow, possessed of a fairly good education and a good deal of literary ability and with this he had a keen perception of humor and was usually the life of the party.

A Good Joker

We were, as as I have said, hard put to it for enough rations to live on. About fourteen of us occupied the kitchen of an old abandoned farm house. One evening the above mentioned young fellow said, "Boys there has been a diabolical crime committed in this community recently and I have gotten on to it and lest something happens to me, (as I am the only witness) I have written down here and think you should be in possession of the facts." Whereupon all the boys became quiet and on tiptoe of expectation.

He began a very beautiful description of the fine little valley in which we were encamped and told about its settlement giving the names of a number of the

settlers and the present occupants of the farms adjacent to us. The story went on to say that one evening recently two men were seen by him to come through the field about one hundred yards from where we now stood. They stopped just after they crossed the fence at the roadside. They whispered to each other for two or three minutes and one of them drew a long keen looking knife from under his coat and he could see by the light of the moon that it shone like burnished silver. Presently a noise was heard not far away on the road as though someone was approaching. He felt vile murder was about to be committed by these ruffians, but he was frozen with fright. He felt that his life would in all probability be taken if he should let his presence be known by an outcry that would put the coming one on his guard. He was torn by conflicting feelings. He had recognized one of the villians and knew him to be a man that loved bloodshed and he was unarmed. He scarcely could contain himself but dared not make a noise. It was probably only a minute or so, but it seemed an age to the fellow, when he heard the men move and saw them jump into the road and saw one of the scoundrels raise his arm and strike. He could scarcely retain his quietude any longer. He heard a terrible groan and jumped into the road quickly and found one of farmer Ruffner's hundred and fifty pound hogs, bleeding to death from a deep gash cut in his throat.

Defending Staunton

In the early spring not later than March 10th, we received orders to move to the valley to prevent Sheri-

dan from taking and occupying Staunton, Virginia, and wiping out the small army of Gen. Early. Not more than three fifths of the command was mounted. Our horses had broken down, worn out, and many of them were too far gone to recuperate, during our stay at Hightown. We moved on over to Augusta County, the intention being to strike Sheridan in the flank and harass him as much as possible.

Capt. Camp took out a detail of ten men, of whom I was one, to go down through Augusta County and impress a sufficient number of horses for our use. He was instructed to give warrants or orders on the government to the owners.

I remember we came to a house not far from Mossy Creek, where we were informed that the farmer was not at home. We knew he was known as a Union man and we supposed he had gone to the enemy. We were met with a flat refusal to let any of the horses go, although they had several very good ones on the farm.

We saw two women, the mother and her daughter. We took one horse for immediate use, promising to return the animal in two weeks. They refused to receive an order for the price of the animal. One of those women followed us a half mile with a gun trying to shoot us. Nearly all along this valley near the mountains were numerous families who were dis-loyal to the South. Some of the people were Dunkards or Friends who were conscientiously opposed to war, and the government did not force such into the Army. Some, however, were opposed to the South and in every way possible gave information to the enemy and often gave out stories to the detriment of their southern neighbors

causing some to be killed or made prisoners and their property confiscated or destroyed.

There were very many of these people who were really bitter enemies to our cause, but they were, in very many cases, allowed to live among our people entirely unmolested and yet, as we had good reason to believe were doing everything they could against our cause and government.

That day, I remember, we came to a large farm, where they had seventeen horses. The gentleman was at home and his wife and two young ladies, his daughters.

This gentleman was a breeder of horses and had a few extra fine animals, one especially was the fastest racker I had even seen.

The Lieut. Col. of our regiment told Capt. Camp and myself, that he was especially anxious to have that horse for himself. The animal was an iron gray in color, seven years old and weighed about eleven hundred and fifty pounds, probably the best trained horse in the valley of Virginia. Every member of the family feared we would take him and the master of the house began to argue and insist. He said if we would leave Abdallah, he would give us three other horses.

The Capt. felt that our duty was to take the horse with us. I objected and finally told him, I would have nothing to do with taking him, and at last the Capt. agreed to leave him. All three of the ladies were at the barn crying bitterly because they thought we were going to take their favorite horse. We left him and I think we left about as happy a family as I ever saw.

Grandfather Bruce

Sheridan went down the valley that day, having captured and destroyed Early's force at Waynesboro. It was here that Gen. Wm. Harmon, the most famous lawyer of Staunton, was killed. Mr. Bruce, a man at that time more than ninety years old, who was my wife's grandfather, was walking up and down the porch at Esq. Bruce's house. Mr. Bruce was gone and there was none of the family at home except the ladies and the servants. They all took refuge in the cellar, but grandfather would not go. When his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bruce, came up and urged him to go to the cellar he would not, and said, "Why should such a man as I flee from bullets and hide myself." He had been a soldier in his youth, was a Scotchman, and would not hide himself from danger.

Waynesboro, is a small town near the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, the North river running immediately west of it, with a steep bank overlooking the town from the west. The wagon train was headed toward the west with the troops drawn up on the west side of the river. Sheridan attacked with a much larger force and drove our men into the river drowning many of them and capturing a considerable number of them. The wagon train was captured and it was said that Gen. Early went to Richmond with less than fifty men.

Whatever military critics may say condemnatory of Gen. Early's work as a successful leader of an army, it cannot be denied that on many fields he showed military genius of a high degree, and his ability to fight

and his willingness to do so, were never questioned by his solders, or newspaper critics.

He was a soldier in his youth after he left the military academy, and he served in Mexico as Adj. of a Regiment. After the Mexican war he went into his law practice at Liberty, Virginia. After the war of the sitxies he practiced his profession in Lynchburg, Virginia.

That portion of our brigade that I had been with at Hightown mounted itself on the way, as well and quickly as we could and hurried to intercept Sheridan on his retreat down the valley, after the Waynesboro fight. Our only hope was to strike him in the flank and worry him somewhat in his retreat. We knew we did not have half force enough to get into a general engagement with this famous command at that time.

When we reached the valley pike, we found that the Federal rear guards had passed that point several hours before our arrival.

* * * * *

At this point, during the most exciting events of the war, dealing with the siege around Richmond and the stirring finale of the Confederacy, father's story abruptly ends.

There is evidence that he was arranging to complete the narrative when his last sickness overtook him.

We know, in a large measure, what events followed.

Lee was finally overwhelmed by numbers. The Federals kept on encroaching upon the fortifications

around Richmond. Neither superb generalship nor the intense loyalty and fighting ability of a band of soldiers, such as the world has rarely seen, could compensate for lack of munitions, food and men, in the face of overwhelming numbers and equipment.

The final chapter came with the surrender of Lee at Appamattox in April, 1865.

Father was not within the fortifications of Richmond when this occurred. At his own request and contrary to the wishes of Capt. Barlow he had been transferred to his own regiment in the Valley of Virginia.

He has related many times that, while he was not a "fire-eater" and did not have a thirst for blood, that yet, when they heard of the surrender, he and his comrades could not believe it. They would not believe it, in fact. They held counsels of war and planned that if Lee had actually surrendered, they would start to N. C. where there was a large body of Confederate forces, would form a new nucleus and keep the fight up, because they were sure of victory in the end.

After fuller information of the complete dismemberment of the Confederate forces had reached them, they gave up this war-like plan, accepted honorable discharges from the army, and each man, dispirited, broken, overpowered, but still with head up and the fires of loyalty burning as brightly as ever, started on his way home to re-build what four years of bloody conflict had torn down.

Father's health was so impaired from wounds and constant exposures, that he was not able to undertake the trip to his home in Harrison County. Such money

as he had received was worthless, so he could not pay his way on the train. Therefore he went for a rest to the always hospitable home of his Uncle Peter Manly in Fluvanna County, where he remained until early in June.

Having recuperated sufficiently he started walking the three hundred and fifty miles across the mountains from Fluvanna County to his home in Harrison County, which place he reached sore and weary after a month of continuous walking.

There are no words that express the joy of his father and mother upon his return. The only thing that marred the joy of the family was that his brother Lucius, who had gone forth with him from Clarksburg on the 18th day of May over four years before, was now in a poorly marked grave, where his body had been placed following the battle of Cedar Mountain in August, 1862.

He found his father's little farm in fairly good shape and he resumed his work on the farm.

It would not be fitting that his plain and frank story of his experiences in the war should be ended with a eulogy by the writer of this completing note.

In entering the Confederate army he was inspired purely by love for his state and the cause it had espoused. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. He fought in the day when manhood and chivalry dictated the rules of war. He came out of the conflict broken in body but unbroken in spirit.

He did his fighting during the course of the conflict, from 1861 to 1865, and then stopped.

—L. H. C.

From Eighteen Sixty-five to Nineteen-twenty

It was no doubt the intention of the writer of the foregoing personal recollections of the war, to complete his task by filling in a few of the salient facts of the intervening years, but with only brief notice his health began rapidly to fail in the summer of 1919 and there was hardly a time from then until his death, on May 6th, 1920 when it was possible for him to continue the narrative.

For this reason a few of the important facts of his life are given.

After Appamattox the outlook for the Southern soldier under the reconstruction period and, with the wreck of his home land facing him, was indeed gloomy.

But John Henry Cammack was a born optimist. There was always a cheery fringe to the cloud. He accepted the arbitrament of the sword and abode by the decision. He quit fighting when Lee surrendered, though as intimated in the last chapter, he wanted to be good and sure that the fight was all over before he laid down his arms.

After a rest in Fluvanna County, in the Spring of 1865, he trudged his weary way across the mountains to his father's home in Harrison County, now West Virginia, and resumed his work on the little farm.

In October 1866 he was married to Mary Jane Fox, and they began housekeeping in a cottage on the banks of Elk Creek in Clarksburg.

He had learned the cigar making business in his early youth, having worked at this trade in Staunton, Virginia and at Lexington.

In the early part of 1868 he moved to Williamstown, W. Va. and started a cigar making business of his own. On account of living conditions and work, he moved to Marietta, Ohio, for a time and then back to Williamstown, where he built a home.

It was at Williamstown that he met Rev. W. P. Walker, who was at that time pastor of the Williamstown and Willow Island churches, and, although not a church member, he became an ardent admirer and warm personal friend of the pastor.

He was converted and joined the Williamstown Baptist church in 1869 and the following year was elected a deacon, which office he retained in the Williamstown and later on in the Huntington church for over half a century.

Three children were born, Lucius H., John Willie and Charles W. Willie died in infancy.

In 1875, in company with Capt. As. Athey and some other friends he bought the steamer Cataraugus and, for a time abandoning the cigar business, shipped as clerk on the steamer which was plying the Little Kanawha between Parkersburg and Elizabeth.

This experience lasted for a couple of years, after which he sold his interest, moved to Marietta, Ohio, and re-entered the cigar business.

His physician insisted that the close confinement of the cigar factory and his tendency to smoke too much was injuring his health and advised him to get out. Brother Walker had, in the meantime, been called to take charge of the little church which had been organized in Huntington, a new town down the river from Marietta, one hundred and thirty miles. He began

urging his friend Cammack to move to Huntington and enter some other line of business.

Finally arrangements were made for the move to Huntington. In connection with a Mr. Campbell, the Dana stock of ladies and gentlemen's wearing apparel was bought and on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1878 the family, the household goods and the stock of merchandise were shipped on the steamer Katie Stockdale for Huntington, arriving there before daylight on the morning of the 28th. The family quartered at the leading hotel, the Continental, owned by Felix Ware and located at the corner of Second Avenue and Eighth Street. This building has, in more recent years, been used by the Union Mission, of which organization, a son, C. W. Cammack, has been president.

The family moved into one-half of a double house on Fourth Avenue, just below eighth street. This house is one of the spots that has not suffered any change in forty years, but stands today, exactly as it did in February, 1878, though very differently surrounded.

The wearing apparel business was started in the Lallance building, on the corner of Third Avenue and Eighth Street. At this time the Baptist church, under the leadership of Dr. Walker, held its services in the room upstairs over the store.

In 1890 he quit the merchandise business and in company with his old comrade and friend, J. N. Potts, entered the Real Estate and Insurance business in a building where the Deardoff-Sisler store now stands.

Later on he went into the same business in partnership with his son C. W. Cammack, which relation existed uninterruptedly until the time of his death.

In the spring of 1919 his health began to show a marked decline. He was a soldier all the way through. The outlook was always cheerful. He did not complain except when in great pain, and then uniformly laughed the matter off as of no importance.

Those about him could see readily that he was not improving and consultation with doctors and specialists was not reassuring.

The average man would probably have gone to bed and given up hope, but he did not. Never for a moment did he admit to anyone about him that he thought he might not get well, until a few weeks before his final call.

That front porch to the little bungalow at 638 Fifth Avenue, where he spent the most of his days for a year and a half, was a cheerful spot and the mecca for hundreds of visitors. They always found him smiling, hospitable, thoughtful, always joking, never sad or depressed.

The culmination of the tragedy came on the evening of May sixth, 1920, after great torture, and yet, only seven days before, he had lain on his cot and taken an active part in the deliberations of Camp Garnett Confederate Veterans, which body of comrades had held its monthly meetings for a long time on this porch.

We would not write his epitaph. It is engraved in the hearts of his family and friends as imperishably as if chiseled in stone.

Press Notices and Other Papers Relating to the Life and Death of John Henry Cam- mack.

From the Herald-Dispatch, Friday, May 7, 1920.

John Henry Cammack is dead. The end came to this honored Huntingtonian at six o'clock, Thursday evening at his residence, 638 Fifth Avenue. He was 76 years old.

Death followed an illness which began more than a year ago, but which was so resisted by this man of unconquerable spirit that it confined him to his death bed only about two weeks. The extremity of his sickness developed about the beginning of the present week and from that time it was realized that the end was very near.

Watching beside him in these trying last hours, as she had walked beside through a happy married life of 54 years, was his wife, who, despite her years and the weight of her sorrow at this separation, is bearing up bravely.

His sons, Lucius H. Cammack and C. W. Cammack, were also with him, when the end came.

Provisional funeral arrangements effected last night fix the time for the services at 4 o'clock, Saturday

afternoon. The funeral will probably be at the residence. Interment will be at Spring Hill cemetery.

In these days of intensive religious activities among the young people of the land stress is being laid on the development of the fourfold life, a development which had a living exponent in John Henry Cammack, who, as a man, soldier, citizen and churchman, stood forth throughout life as one of whom it might be truly said that he stood four-square to every wind.

GALLANT SOLDIER

Among distinctions in life were that he was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, 50 years a deacon in the Baptist church, for 15 years commander of Camp Garnett and for 40 years a citizen of Huntington, honorable and without reproach, dealing uprightly with all and showing mercy and kindness wherever he might.

John Henry Cammack was born on a farm in Rockingham county, Virginia, on December 22, 1843.

As a boy he worked in Staunton, Va., and was there when the Chesapeake & Ohio railway was building in 1857. During this residence in Staunton he was a Sunday school pupil of Mary Baldwin, principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary. For a time previous to the war he was at Lexington, Va., and there his Sunday school teacher was Professor T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson.

At the age of 17, May 18, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Clarksburg, Harrison county, under Captain A. M. Turner. His first engagement was with Colonel Partridge at the taking of Grafton, May 21, 1861. He was in the first battle of Phillipi, June 1,

1861, and his regiment, the Thirty-first Virginia, was on the famous Laurel hill retreat through Maryland, finally making a stand at Monterey, Va., July 18, 1861.

WITH GENERAL GARNETT

He was with General Garnett (from whom Garnett Camp, United Confederate Veterans, took its name) 20 minutes before that officer was killed at Carrick's Ford, on Cheat river. He later served under General Henry R. Jackson and Stonewall Jackson.

In January, 1862, wounded and sick, he was sent to a hospital as incurable, but within a few weeks he rejoined his regiment and took part in the seven days battle around Richmond.

His service with the Confederate army ended only with the surrender at Appomattox.

During the war his fathers' family resided near Clarksburg, and it was while on a visit home, to accomplish which he ran the lines of the enemy that he met Molly Jane Fox, then a house guest of his mother. This romantic meeting resulted in the marriage of the young couple on October 7, 1866.

For a number of years after the war Mr. and Mrs. Cammack lived at Williamstown. When they came to Huntington, journeying down the Ohio river by steamboat, they found a village of 2,000 people. Mr. Cammack entered the clothing business at Eighth street and Third avenue, but in 1890 he entered the real estate business with his old comrade, J. N. Potts. In more recent years he was associated with his son, C. W. Cammack, and W. L. Reece. As a real estate operator he

was a pioneer on lower Fourth avenue, and on the South Side. His business career was never spectacular, but was so consistently successful that he accumulated an estate of no inconsiderable proportions.

WAS CHURCHMAN

Mr. Cammack became a member of the Baptist church in 1869 at Williamstown, where he was ordained as deacon in 1870. During this long church life he had but two pastors, Dr. W. P. Walker and Dr. M. L. Wood. Dr. Walker was pastor at Williamstown before he came to Huntington to become pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church.

In 1883 Mr. Cammack helped build the old Fifth Avenue Baptist church at Fifth avenue and Tenth street. He helped remodel and enlarge this church in 1895 and was on the building committee which directed the construction of the new Temple at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, dedicated in April, 1919.

He was a Sunday school man and worker, and in this field he sowed seed which brought forth much fruit, as he organized the Sunday school which grew into the Twentieth Street Baptist church, and later organized a Sunday school at Central City, from which nucleus the Washington Avenue Baptist church was evolved.

Much of the best thought and tenderest consideration, especially during the closing years of his life, was for his old comrades of the Confederate army. For a year before his death Garnett Camp met regularly at his home. The last meeting was held there on Satur-

day, April 29. Lying in his bed he took an active part in the session and had a parting word with each member of the camp.

He is survived by his widow, Mary J. Cammack, two sons, L. H. and C. W. Cammack, two brothers, George A. Cammack of Mt. Vernon, Mo., Charles A. Cammack of Ray, Colorado and two sisters, Mrs. Rebecca Flint of Lincoln, Neb., and Mrs. Nellie McKeean of Schuyler, Neb. A niece, Miss Irene Flint, has been a resident of Huntington for several years and was constantly with him during his long illness.

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Editorial from The Herald-Dispatch, Saturday May, 8.

JOHN HENRY CAMMACK

A sturdy pillar in the early foundation of Huntington is fallen. John Henry Cammack, who came to Huntington in the first years of manhood, and to whom it was given to see the city of his choice and his love scale the heights of progress, abundant in people, abundant in civic and religious institutions, has finished a goodly life, and now sleeps the sleep of the just.

While a man of peace and one whose life was devoted to the upbuilding of peaceful institutions, Mr. Cammack's first contact with the stern realities of the world impressed him to the last day of his seventy-six years. For it was his opportunity—and none who knew him well could say that he regarded it in any other light—it was his opportunity, we repeat, to cast his

youthful fortunes with the South when fateful sectional warfare arrayed the sons of America in deadly hostility.

To be permitted to march under the glorious banners of Lee and Stonewall Jackson was a privilege of which he never ceased to be proud, and the disciplined mind and erect figure, the fruits of that experience, were strikingly apparent through all the long years between Appomattox and the hour of final rest, which came early Thursday evening. When the war ended he accepted the verdict; and, while cherishing with never-failing devotion the ideals for which he fought, he venerated the Stars and Stripes with true patriotic fervor. Only Americans could fight as the men of the South fought. They needed no repatriation when it was over.

In his life in Huntington Mr. Cammack exemplified the highest of citizen virtues. Dignified, kindly in demeanor, he won the respect that leads to liking and the confidence upon which true friendships rest.

Probably, in all his varied experiences, his career as a churchman stamped itself most clearly upon the community. From early manhood to the days of infirmity he was a tower of strength in Fifth Avenue Baptist church. From a struggling organization whose first meetings were held in upstairs halls with smoking oil lamps for lights, he followed this inspired organization through the varying stages of its upward fortunes, and enjoyed the blessed privilege of seeing it installed in the magnificent temple it now occupies. Young men went into that church with young Deacon Cammack, and they grew old with him, day by day, Sunday

by Sunday, witnessing his never-failing devotion, his never-shaken faith, his unfaltering trust.

It is because such records are so few that they are noteworthy, and it is because of the life that made this record that John Henry Cammack's memory as a citizen, a churchman, a father and a husband will be cherished as long as any of those live who have been touched by its elevating influence.

THE FINAL SERVICE

Herald-Dispatch, Sunday, May 9.

“Beloved, farewell! We will meet in the new morning!”

It was with these words that Dr. Matthew L. Wood, overcome by his own emotions and forced to close, ended his discourse over the remains of John Henry Cammack. It was a beautiful and fitting eulogy which he pronounced at the funeral of this, his friend and counselor, held Saturday afternoon at four o'clock at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church. He explained at the outset that it was his duty as pastor of the church which made it necessary for him to occupy the pulpit on this occasion instead of sitting, according to the promptings of his heart, in the front pew beside the sons of the dead man. And the grief which he felt at the taking away of Mr. Cammack was, in a large measure, reflected in the hearts of the hundreds of people gathered for the final tribute.

The altar of the beautiful temple in the building of which Mr. Cammack had a part, was literally banked with flowers which testified to the love of the many senders for Mr. Cammack.

The mourning friends were shown to their places in the pews by the deacons of the church, of whom the decedent was one for fifty years.

Preceding the body into the church came the honorary pall bearers, members of Garnett Camp, United Confederate Veterans, of which Mr. Cammack was commander for fifteen years. There was almost a one hundred per cent attendance on the part of the old soldiers, now too feeble to take other than an honorary part in the laying away of their comrades.

Next came the active pall bearers, members of the Sunday school class which Mr. Cammack taught for twenty years.

Huntington Chapter No. 150, and Jackson-Lee Chapter, U. D. C. occupied spaces reserved for them. Each chapter came as a body.

Mrs. J. Harold Ferguson was at the organ and as the funeral party entered she played "Come Ye Disconsolate."

The opening prayer was offered by Dr. S. Roger Tyler, rector of Trinity Episcopal church.

The songs were rendered by a quartette composed of Mrs. C. E. Haworth, Mrs. Carrie S. Collard, Randall Reynolds and J. R. Marcum. The opening song was "Sunset and Evening Star."

Dr. Tyler's prayer followed and then a second song "Home of the Soul," and the reading of the scripture by Dr. Wood.

OLD COMRADE'S TRIBUTE

Rev. W. J. Cocke, old comrade-in-arms and friend of many years standing, then spoke words of tribute to the memory of Mr. Cammack.

"He was a Christian" he said, "and that means he was Christly—he was a gentleman—he had run his

course well. "Comrades", he said, turning to the members of Garnett Camp, "we soon shall clasp his hand once more on the other shore. He was a faithful soldier of his country; he was an equally faithful soldier of God. We should feel no sorrow for him, but should rather rejoice that he has gone over the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

Following his remarks he offered prayer for the long continuation of the influence of the life of Deacon Cammack.

Then the quartette sang, "Lead Me Gently", after which Dr. Wood took his place and began speaking.

First expressing the grief which prompted him to be a mourner, rather than a speaker, he then referred to an early Christian whose name was Joseph, but who was surnamed by his brethern, Barnabus, or the son of consolation—and who occupied a place, in proportion, much like that accorded to the spirit of God—that of comforter and helper, and of whom it was said he was a good man, full of faith and the spirit, and much people through him were led to the Lord."

To this man Dr. Wood likened the subject of his eulogy, carrying the comparison further by saying that like his scriptural prototype, Mr. Cammack went about doing good.

"To speak of his life in that inner circle, wherein he was best known and most loved," said Dr. Wood, "It may be said that for more than a half century of wedded life he was a devoted lover: as tender and solicitous in the latter years as he was when as a young and gallant, though warworn soldier he led his bride to the altar.

“In his broader intercourse he was a courtly gentleman, who carried himself with the unselfish dignity of a royal prince. He was never happier than when he could stretch forth his hand to help another. And though I fear that in this modern age most of us are too busy for such things, he represented a type of Christian gentleman which this world needs and will always appreciate as one of his greatest assets.

“He was a brave soldier, who enlisted at seventeen and followed the fortunes of the southern battle flag to Appomattox. His record as a soldier was without a stain. And, coming back from the war he faced life with a courage just as great as that which he evinced in war.

“Veterans”, he said “turning to the little group of gray haired men in the pews reserved for Camp Garnett, “as I talked to him recently he said”:

“Say to the veterans that I loved them and that my sincere wish for every one of them is that he shall be a true soldier of Jesus Christ.”

“Don’t disappoint him. You loved him. Follow his example.

“He was devoted to Christ—and because it represented to him the ideals and the ministry of Christ he was devoted to this church. He loved this church. He remembered it in his prayers. His hands were always busy with its tasks. He was a Christian for more than fifty years—a deacon for more than fifty years. He never had but two pastors. One of them, who led him to Christ and baptized him and ordained him as deacon

went before him—ah, have you thought of the fellowship between them now?

“To me he was a father and a brother; a wise, and faithful and sympathetic co-worker.

“Last Tuesday evening some of us had the rare privilege of talking with him at a time when he seemed to have gotten a glimpse of the glory of God as it lighted up his sunset hour.

“He said—Friends if we miss God we miss everything—if we have God we have everything.”

Here the voice of the speaker faltered and he said: “I can’t go on.”

Looking down upon the casket he said:

“Beloved, good-bye, we’ll meet in the new morning.”

There were more than fifty automobiles in the procession which followed the remains of this honored man to the grave in Spring Hill cemetery. There, as his body was committed to the earth, the Rev. John K. Hitner, chaplain of Garnett Camp, offered prayer.

IN MEMORIAM

**CAMP GARNETT No. 902, U. C. V.—OUR COMRADE AND
LATE COMMANDER JOHN HENRY CAMMACK.**

John Henry Cammack has gone along the path from which there is no turning back, and the world is better because he lived in it. Throughout a long life he has been for each succeeding generation, a shining example: his courage and his gentleness have been but the visible evidence of an unfaltering faith in the all powerful divinity and inherent faith in the future, "beyond this place of wrath and tears."

Comrade Cammack's devotion to his church was sincere and constant; being ever among the first in service, in prayer and in alms. His citizenship has been marked by that integrity which directed all his doings in life, and he has left behind him a memory which will be cherished by his comrades and fellowmen, who have accorded him love and profound respect.

It was, however, in his family life that the true beauty of his character shone; the atmosphere of his home was a benediction and we who have been privileged to call ourselves his comrades, have realized that he was the soul of that home; at once the spirit of peace and the tower of strength—that rare combination which can come only from a complete self lessness and a deep rooted religious belief.

He has left to his good wife a memory of a life without fear, and without reproach; to his children a heritage more precious than gold; to his comrades of Camp Garnett a record of fixedness of purpose, fidelity to duty, unfaltering courage, and marked devotion to the principles for which our organization stands.

"After life's fitful fever
Our Comrade sleeps well."

C. L. THOMPSON,
J. N. POTTS,
JOHN K. HITNER.











